

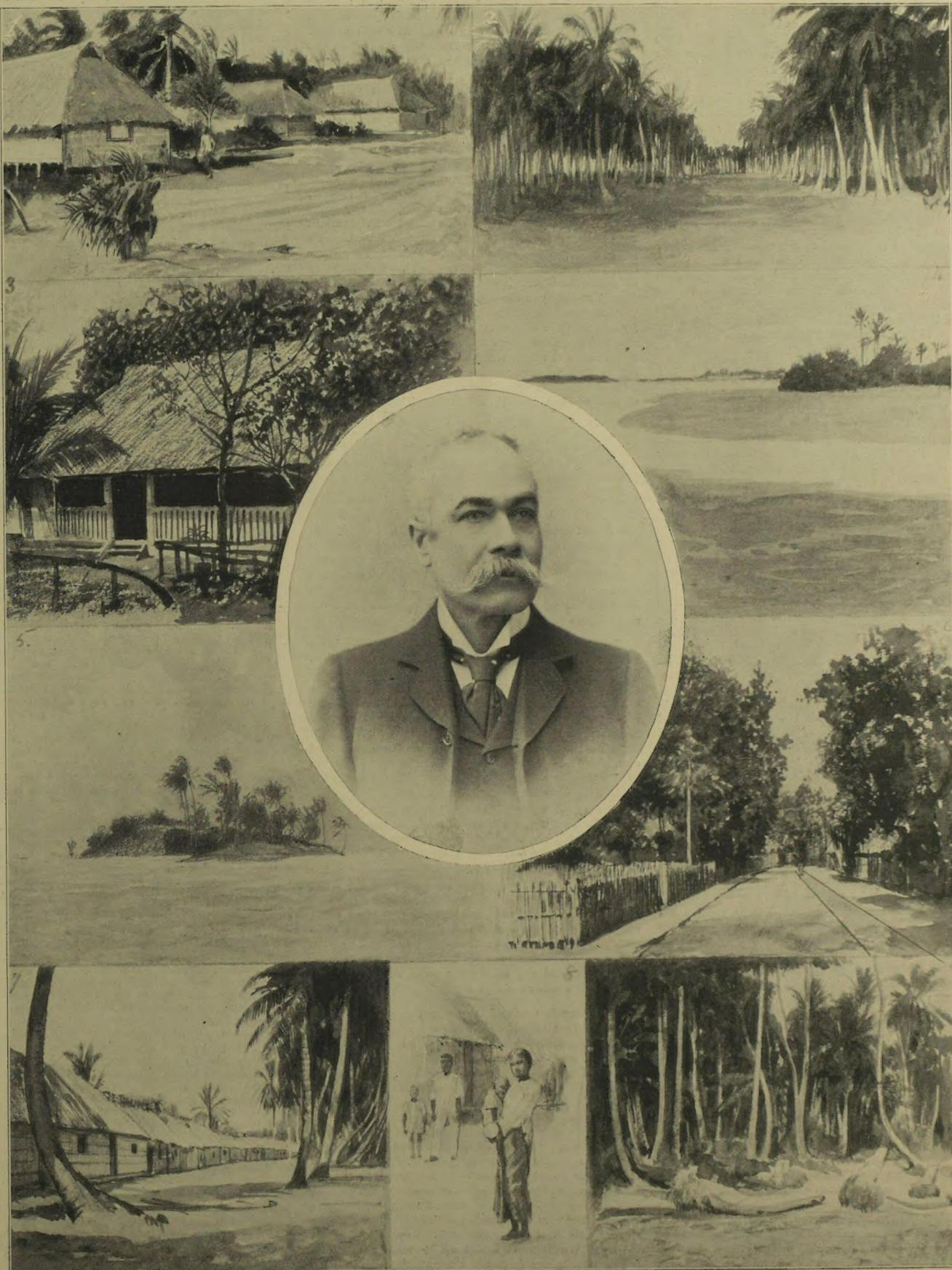
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



1. A Village Scene.
6. Main Street, Cocos.

2. Part of the Golf Links, Settlement Island.
7. A Coolie Village.

3. Houses, Cocos-Keeling.
8. Coolie Villagers and their Abodes.

4. The Lagoon.
9. Palm Forest, destroyed by a Gale.

COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS AND THEIR UNCROWNED KING, MR. G. CLUNIES ROSS.
Landscape from Photographs supplied by Mr. C. W. Andrews; Portrait by London Stereo. Co.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The "freaks" at Barnum's Show have protested in solemn conclave against the designation thrust upon them by a thoughtless public. "Freak" they consider a stigma, implying some grotesque or pathetic lack of personal beauty. Naturally this is most offensive to the bearded lady. As she pointed out with triumphant logic, a beard is no disfigurement to a man; therefore, captious envy alone can object to it on a woman. I should like to have suggested to this persuasive advocate, with the utmost deference, one or two points for her speech. She might have remarked that in some countries women grow beards without exposing themselves to flippant nicknames. You cannot travel in France without noticing feminine whiskers; and as ladies do not shave, it may be fairly concluded that they regard the whisker as an ornament. In any French novel you may learn incidentally that *la belle Léonie*, after a giddy youth, has grown stout, wears moustaches, and keeps a highly respectable *brasserie* in the Quartier Latin. Is she mocked by the students? Do they call her a "freak"? True, the panegyrics on woman's charms are silent on this one. The poet who indites a sonnet to his lady's eyebrow does not adjure her to cultivate a beard. But here you have professional jealousy. "I will kiss as many of you as have beards that like me," says the saucy Rosalind. If she had a beard, would they respond to this endearment?

The bearded lady at Barnum's may object to this line of argument on the ground that it does not sufficiently recognise her superiority to the rest of her sex, but rather suggests that they might all flourish beards if they were so disposed. The claim of the "freaks" is that they represent the ascending development of mankind. To be a woman with a beard, to be armless, eight feet high, or a living skeleton, to have any physical peculiarity that justifies an engagement at Barnum's, is to fill the average beholder with jealous spite and provoke him to sham derision. This reasoning strikes us as fantastic; but, after all, is it much more "freakish" to be born without arms, or with two heads, than to perform the thousand and one eccentricities that distinguish many people whose bodily structure obeys the familiar rules? Travelling showmen in France cannot bid for the services of M. François Coppée, because too many of his countrymen belong to the same variety of "freak." M. Coppée wrote a novel called "*Le Coupable*," in which an assassin is acquitted by a Paris jury because the prosecuting counsel confesses that the prisoner is his son, abandoned in infancy, and takes all the responsibility for his evil courses. This plea for visiting the sins of the children upon the father is a little startling; but, at least, it argues some sense of retribution. M. Coppée has now distinguished himself by asserting that if the highest judges in France should find a military convict to have been wrongfully condemned by a court-martial, they will prostitute their office for the sake of bribes. Would it not have been better for M. Coppée if Nature had given him two heads, and set him on the high road to fortune in a menagerie?

Then there is Madame Thibaut, housekeeper to M. Huysmans, who, like M. Coppée, is a celebrated romancer. Anne Thibaut is of peasant extraction, and began life by marrying an innkeeper. Soon she had a remarkable inspiration. Like Joan of Arc, she heard "voices," which told her to seek a higher mission. Her husband tried to make her see that she was under some moral obligation to him. Then he threw up the task in despair, let his business go to ruin, and finally disappeared, leaving no shadow on the conscience of Anne Thibaut, who, led by the "voices" which disdained innkeeping, came upon M. Huysmans, just as he was beginning to be troubled about his soul. His books, up to that time, were of a somewhat worldly character; but now he became spiritual; his fancy brooded over monks; and he has withdrawn at last into a kind of cloistered seclusion, in which the excellent Anne still makes the soup, while her "voices" provide the nourishment of the soul. To the discerning reader the later figments of M. Huysmans do not show the elevation which might be expected from this training; and it remains a question whether the moral destruction of an honest innkeeper is justified by the hallucinations of a crazy novelist. But Anne Thibaut is certainly a dangerous rival to the bearded lady.

One of those terrible statisticians who afflict us with diagrams, showing how near we should get to heaven by climbing all the steeples if these were blended in a single shaft, has been timing the various occupations of our mortal span. Out of seventy years you sleep more than twenty-four; but you reflect only one year five months and a half, and you gossip the same period. This makes one's yearly allowance for thinking about seven days, and considering all the distractions of life that is rather handsome. I know several men who, when they grasp the fact that they literally reflect for 168 hours in 365 days (the result is so much more imposing when "marked in plain figures," as the drapers say) will give themselves the airs of philosophers. One youth to whom I communicated this table of his intellectual toil, gasped for a moment, and then cried, "By Jove! I'm a regular Herbert

Spencer!" But the statistics of gossip are surely unjust. Barnum's successor should have an eye on the diagrammatist who says he thinks as much in a lifetime as he gossips. To begin with, the whole of childhood is a period of chatter. Out of school-hours, boys and girls have no other occupation. About eighteen, you slip suddenly into the fathomless profundity of existence, which is love, and become mute and astronomical. This stage lasts some six years, and then you gossip about your heart-strings and the melodies that have been played upon them till the time comes for gossiping about your ailments. Once in the clutch of a recurring ailment, no man harps joyously on any other theme from middle-age to his seventieth birthday.

Seventeen months and a half for gossip in a whole life! Why, much more time than that is spent in talk about gout alone. Hobble into your club with a stick and you will find the very atmosphere "chalky" for the rest of the day! Old members with bulging finger-joints hasten to welcome you; men with whom you have merely passed the time of day for years hail you as a brother, and criticise your feet on terms of intimacy. "Which foot is it, eh? Ah! well, you can't go on wearing patent leather shoes. The days of vanity, my son, are over. What you want is a more commodious boot—plain, but roomy. What do you say?—it's rheumatism? Ha! ha! we all lay that flattering lotion to the toe! It's the instep? Quite near enough. And rheumatism is first cousin to gout, in any way. Yes, of course, it is hard on you as a most abstemious man. So are we all—all most abstemious men. It's papa and grandpa who are to blame. They were such terrible fellows for drinking the health of posterity with three times three! What? Yours never did? Well, depend upon it you are the victim of a remote ancestor who is skulking away in the mists of prehistoric antiquity!" By this time you are wrought to such a pitch of exasperation that you drag your steps painfully to a doctor round the corner, and return very much cheered to luncheon and the harmless beverage you have drunk for years. "Ah!" says an old member, pointing at this, "With a bad attack of gout you can drink beer!" "Beer!" you reply in a fury. "It's ginger-beer! My father and grandfather always drank it. And the doctor says it is rheumatism!" He smiles incredulously; everybody goes on smiling; and so one entire day out of your seven days for gossip in seventy years is consumed by imaginary gout!

By the way, is it reflection or gossip (the distinction between them is sometimes dim) which makes a writer in the *Spectator* affirm that we never "catch cold"? The only enemy, he says, is the microbe. Now, my physician assures me that my rheumatism is due to thin shoes and wet pavements. Which authority is right? It is important to know, because the patent-leather shoe is endeared to me by old associations, and the microbe, I presume, does not enter by the foot.

I read complaints that the Muse of the distillery is too strong at the music-halls. One censor declares that idleness, drunkenness, and dishonesty are the most popular themes of song. The demands of gossip and reflection upon my time do not give me the leisure for a searching inquiry into this indictment. But I fancy the public taste has changed since the nights when a music-hall ballad, extolling the virtue of temperance, and even of total abstinence, was applauded by the multitude. There was once a popular singer named Harry Clifton, who used to troll a ditty of which the chorus ran thus—

So I never drink wine, for it don't suit me
To toast my friends with a one, two, three;
But "Merry and Wise" is the motto for me,
And "up with the lark in the morning"!

The music-hall motto, I am told, is different now. It has dropped the wisdom, and it is "out with another kind of lark in the evening." I remember that Harry Clifton's song was contemporary with "Champagne Charlie," which celebrated quite the opposite sentiment. Perhaps some elder observer of manners will explain how it was that the citizen who would not toast his friends with a "one, two, three," competed successfully for popular favour at that epoch with a less circumspect spirit.

I continue to receive letters concerning the twentieth century. One correspondent refers me to the Prayer-Book for confirmation of the theory that the nineteenth century ends with the present year. This is dangerously like theology; and if theology is to be brought into conflict with arithmetic, what incalculable disaster may befall us! Another correspondent suggests that the first century contained only ninety-nine years, because "a year had already elapsed on Dec. 31 of the year Nought." Oh, that Nought! There seems no escape from it, though how $0 = 1$ remains for me a mystery. I find that this troublesome question occupied the intellect of Europe as far back as A.D. 325, when it was discussed by the Council of Nice. In 1582, another Council sat upon it (quite ineffectually) with the laudable desire to keep arithmetic clear of matters of faith and morals. I apologise for this display of learning. It is due not to ostentation, but to a desire for refuge from the correspondent who tells me that if I multiply 365 days by 1900, I shall find that nineteen centuries mean 1899 years.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Henry of Batterberg, the Duchess of Albany, the young Duke and the young Princesses, passed Sunday at Osborne. On Friday the Queen decorated Captain Paul A. Kenna, of the 21st Lancers, Captain Nevill Maskelyne Smyth, 2nd Dragoon Guards, Lieutenant the Hon. Raymond H. L. de Montmorency, 21st Lancers, and Private Thomas Byrne with the Victoria Cross, for acts of bravery at the Battle of Khartoum, and conferred the Order for Distinguished Service upon Major Hugh Brodrick Mathias, of the Royal Army Medical Staff Corps. On Monday her Majesty conferred decorations upon several non-commissioned officers and men who took part in the Soudan Expedition.

The Prince of Wales on Tuesday presided at a meeting of the Finance Committees of the Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition.

Little activity of political discussion has been apparent in the first week of the year. The election of Mr. Lionel Walter Rothschild for the Aylesbury Division of Bucks took place without opposition on Friday. Colonel Pilkington is a Unionist candidate for the Newton Division of Lancashire. Several leading politicians have spoken of the probable choice of a successor to Sir William Harcourt, as head of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons after the first week of February. Speeches have also been made by the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, at Cranleigh, and by Lord Ashbourne, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, at Chester; by Sir Charles Dilke, in Gloucestershire, and by the Earl of Morley, at a Plymouth meeting for the National Memorial of Mr. Gladstone. The Marquis of Londonderry, at a Darlington dinner of agriculturists, observed signs of brighter prospects for the farmers.

A memorandum issued by the Cobden Club, signed by Lord Farrer, exhorts Free-traders to watch vigilantly the action of the British Government in its negotiations with foreign countries—France, Russia, or Germany—with reference to unoccupied, or derelict territories which they may acquire, and to see that British commercial interests, or facilities of trading, already in existence on the "open door" principle, are firmly maintained.

The approaching first elections of County Councils under the Irish Local Government Act begin to arouse some movement in favour of seeking relief from over-taxation by the Imperial Government; also, needful remedies for the decline of Irish agriculture, and a fair share of the naval expenditure on dockyards and other establishments in Ireland. A meeting to advocate these claims was held on Jan. 4, at Dublin, addressed by Lord Castletown, the O'Conor Don, and other landowners.

A memorial, to be presented to Lord Salisbury, from the Roman Catholics of England, urging Government to fulfil the design of providing for Roman Catholic University education in Ireland, agreeably to the views expressed by the Earl of Cadogan, the Lord Lieutenant, and by Mr. A. J. Balfour, has been signed by many influential members of that Church.

A Conference of the National Association of Head Teachers of Schools, held at Birmingham last week, passed resolutions complaining of the Teachers' Superannuation Act for the inadequate scale and unsatisfactory terms of retiring pensions allowed to Board School teachers.

Lord Salisbury's reply, dated Oct. 24, to the Emperor of Russia's proposal in August of an international conference to discuss the most effective methods of securing continued peace, and limiting the increase of warlike armaments, has now been published. It assures the Czar of the cordial sympathy of her Majesty's Government in his benevolent aim. The evil does unfortunately exist, and if any suggested remedy be found successful, the sovereign who has suggested it will have earned the gratitude of the world. No doubt, the improved instruments and appliances of war, by the horrible carnage and destruction which would attend their employment on a large scale, and by their extreme costliness, have in some degree acted as a deterrent from going to war. But the burden of such vast military expenditure must cause discontent among the people, menacing the internal tranquillity as well as external safety of States. Queen Victoria will send a representative to the Conference.

The London United Tramways Company has arranged for an all-night service of trams at half-hour intervals on the lines from Hammersmith to Kew, from Uxbridge Road Railway Station to Acton and to Chiswick, and from Kew to Richmond. The North Metropolitan Tramways Company has begun a system of night and early morning cars from Aldgate to Bow and Stratford, by Mile End Road, and on a line to Poplar; also, from Holborn to Hampstead, Highgate, and Finsbury Park; with a line from Euston, through Bloomsbury, to Holborn; at low fares, the whole of which will shortly be in complete order, to the great convenience of people working till late hours in London, and dwelling in suburban homes. Similar arrangements are being made south of the Thames.

A new block of model dwellings for the working classes, built by the London County Council, on the Boundary Street estate, Shoreditch, with shops on the ground floor, and with a pleasant terrace garden in the centre, a laundry, hot and cold baths, and a club-house, has just been opened. The average weekly rent is half-a-crown for each room. Dwellings for about four thousand more persons will be provided by the new buildings on the Millbank estate at Westminster.

The Cottage Hospital at Bromley, in Kent, has received from Mr. and Mrs. J. Wheeler Bennett, of Keston, an additional endowment of £4000 for the Children's Ward, established with their help two years ago.

Thirteen hundred children from the poorer quarters and suburbs of London were regaled in Guildhall on Jan. 3 with a plentiful feast of meat and potatoes, bread, plum-pudding, milk, oranges, and apples, by an arrangement with the London Ragged School Union. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs in their robes, and Mr. Alderman Treloar, who also sent hampers filled with meat-pies, cake, tea, and sweetmeats, to families with four

thousand children unable to come to the feast, were present at this kindly New Year's entertainment. Mr. W. C. Parkinson, Chairman of the Ragged School Union, returned thanks to all who had contributed to the expense. Music performed by the City Police band, songs, and dances, enlivened the hours after supper for the large company of happy little guests.

No important event or transaction in foreign politics has occurred during the week to call for particular notice.

The Senate of the United States has been awaiting the report of its Foreign Affairs Committee previous to the ratification of the Peace Treaty with Spain. All soldiers of the Spanish army have left Cuba.

The new Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, on Friday, Jan. 6, formally assumed office, after which Lord and Lady Elgin took their departure, leaving India to return home.

Lord Cromer, accompanied by Lord Kitchener, on Jan. 5, in the presence of a large number of British and Egyptian officers, and of the Soudanese Arab or native Chiefs on the Nile, laid the foundation-stone of the projected Gordon College at Khartoum. His speech, which was interpreted in Arabic, declared that the College would be for the education of natives to take part in the official administration of the country, and for instruction in agriculture, engineering, and other useful sciences and arts; it would be wholly undenominational as to religion. Lord Cromer also received in the Sirdar's house at Omdurman a large number of the Sheikhs of tribes and other notables of the Soudan, to whom he delivered an address, telling them that their country would be governed by Lord Kitchener, whose administration there would not be interfered with, either from Cairo or from London, as both the Queen of England and the Khedive of Egypt had full confidence in him.

On the Blue Nile, a long distance above Khartoum, Colonel Lewis, with the 10th Soudanese Regiment and some irregular troops, on Dec. 26 had a conflict with the party of fugitive Dervishes led by the Emir Ahmed Fedil, who were retreating from Gedaref, and were attempting to cross the river near the cataract above Rosaires. They were completely routed, losing about 500 killed and 1500 taken prisoners, but Fedil escaped towards Kordofan. Major Charles Fergusson, of the Grenadier Guards, was severely wounded, and thirty-three of the Khedive's soldiers were killed; about 120 others wounded. The Khalifa, with a small number of followers, is still on the north border of Kordofan. Lord Kitchener has left Omdurman to examine the state of affairs higher up the Nile.

A solemn protest against the arrest of members of the South African League has been forwarded by the Central Executive of that body to General Butler for transmission to Mr. Chamberlain. In the document the arrest is represented as a breach of the Convention, and the Imperial Government is requested to take steps to obtain the immediate release of the prisoners. On Jan. 10 the Johannesburg branch of the League decided to hold a further demonstration on the 14th, to consider a resolution in condemnation of the arrests, and also to protest against the Public Meetings Act, and to petition the Queen for further aid to her subjects in the Transvaal. A seizure of papers has been made in the offices of the League.

Despatches from the Belgian Congo announce a state of complete disorganisation in the Manyema country. The people who rebelled two years ago have set up a little state of their own in Katanga, and from this base make hostile raids on the tribes who remain faithful to the Congo State. The Manyema inhabit a rich and undulating country well watered by the Lwama and its many tributaries. They are savage, and addicted to cannibalism.

GREBES AND TERNS.

We are told by authorities in the world of fashion that the plumage of the grebe is likely to be very fashionable this winter; but, as an expert on female attire writes, these rich and beautiful skins with their pearl white and satiny sheen are not becoming to airy but very youthful faces. I am glad to remember this, for it is not on children's hats and coats that feathers are so much lavished. Among the so-called higher classes it is not good form to make children and girls still in the school-room smart. Mature middle-aged women affect the gayest attire nowadays, so the grebe, which demands a youthful bloom, may not be so ruthlessly destroyed as are some other beautiful creatures. Still, during the last two or three years, hundreds of thousands of grebes have been sacrificed, and this at the time of their nesting season, when the lovely sheen on the feathers is at its brightest.

In the county of Stafford the great crested grebe and the little grebe, or dabchick, are protected all the year round; and the meres in the west of Staffordshire, together with those of Shropshire, form one of the chief breeding areas of the former species of Great Britain and Ireland. On Trentham Lake, Dr. McAlowie has observed the great crested grebe in midwinter. They have also bred there of late years. On the rivers Dove and Trent, however, it is only seen during the periods of migration. That it nests on the lake of Aqualate and on that in Trentham Park proves what the protection of landowners will do. The Oxford ornithologist, Plot, wrote in 1686: "The Columbus major, the great loon, is also found in this country, whereof 1 had one given me by the Honorable Lady Jane Leyeson-Gower, killed somewhere near Trentham."

To most parts of Lancashire it is only a casual visitor. An old writer on Northamptonshire wonders "however it came to straggle so high in the country." It has, however, bred there, notably on Naseby Reservoir; and the late Lord Lilford attributed its undoubted increase to "the decrease of the feather-wearing mania among English ladies," as well as to the growing interest in birds and their better protection.

The dabchick, or little grebe, is too well known to be dwelt on here. "Didopper" is one of its names in the Midlands. The red-necked, the Scavonian, and the eared grebes are only visitors to our country.

The grebe-skins that are sold in our great London feather-market come mostly from Holland, Russia, other parts of Northern Europe, and from North America; but our own birds have also been destroyed in order to supply

the great feminine craze for feather adornment. Ignorance in ornithological matters is undoubtedly the reason that, in spite of all that is written on the subject, the feathers of some of our most beautiful species are still flaunted. I believe there are many women, also, who could not answer very readily, if asked whether the fashionable grebe trimming was feather or fur. An otherwise well-educated man, indeed, once came up to a friend of mine who had just been reading a paper at the meeting of a Naturalists' Club, and asked him what kind of a bird a stot was!

All the grebes feed on water-insects and their larvae, and they eat the new shoots as well as the seeds of aquatic weeds. In this they are of great use to us.

The tern, or sea-swallow—that is, the common tern and the lesser tern—visit this country to nest here. They come in May and stay till September or the beginning of October. They are called in Norfolk the big mow and the little mow, an interesting name, as it is so nearly the same as the German möwe, the name for all the gull family, but applied also to the terns.

One of the most charming sights on our foreshores is a flock of terns busy fishing—delicate, dainty creatures with their white and pearl-grey plumage and the clean black markings. Mr. Stevenson, in his "Birds of Norfolk," says of the lesser tern, "Long may it be these exquisite little birds—cease to frequent our coasts during the summer months! And yet, when considering their extended range in former days, and the contracted area within which they are still found breeding, one can but contemplate the worst results from the combined effects of shooting and egg-rolling."

Great quantities of terns are slaughtered annually for women's hats. The writer above quoted says that once having shot a tern he would have given much to recall it to life. "Headless of danger to itself, the widowed bird called on its dead companion with every accent of distress and grief, and finding still no answering note, it gently seized its partner by the beak and tried to bear it off." From the seashore to the milliner's counter is a far cry, yet sympathy born of knowledge should bridge the distance, and some day, no doubt, it will. Then the taking of a creature's life for the sake of personal adornment will be an impossibility to any but a savage.

There are curious inconsistencies in most of us. I think it is that wonderful novelist and naturalist, Maurus Jokai, who tells of a passionate lover and cultivator of rose-trees who incurs the anger of two young ladies by destroying a cetonua (?) that was feeding on a lovely rose. She upbraids him with his cruelty. He learns shortly the true cause of her anger. She and a companion hunted sedulously for these insects in order to strip them of the coverings of their wings, to work these into some lovely needlework for which they were celebrated. The cruelty of robbing them thus had apparently not occurred to them, or it was ignored.

It is a charming sight, that of numbers of graceful sea-swallows circling over a great river and darting down to fish, or assembling in numbers on the low shingly banks. I have watched them in flocks on the river Wang in Hungary with much enjoyment. I found the Hungarians to be both great bird-lovers and bird-protectors.

J. A. O.

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All given in the JANUARY NUMBER of the ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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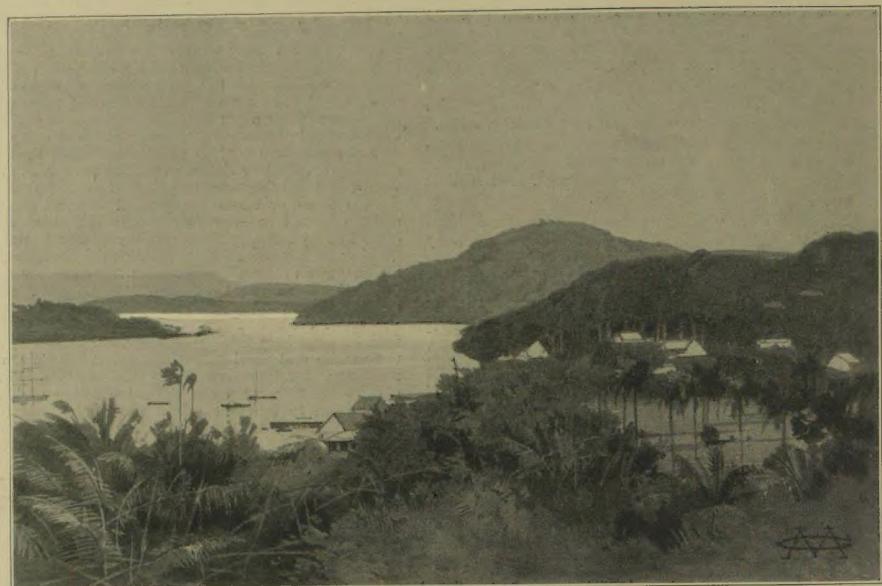
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THE TONGA AFFAIR.

Surprising advices were received on Jan. 9 from the Tonga or Friendly Islands by way of Auckland to the effect that the German Consul had arrived at Tonga from Samoa and had threatened to seize Vavau, the most fertile island of the group, unless the Government paid the private debts owing by natives to the German Trading Company. Later messages from Berlin announce, however, that the German Government has no such intention. Since 1877, native Tongan debts have not been recoverable by Europeans. The principal islands of the Tonga group are Tonga, Heapi, and Vavau, which lie some two hundred miles east of Fiji. The capital is Nukualofa, where the British Deputy Commissioner for the Pacific resides.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE FRENCH SHORE QUESTION.

For the past few weeks Newfoundland has filled a very prominent position in the English and French Press. In the Parisian journals it has occupied the largest space, second only to the Dreyfus case. The question at issue between the two countries is an important one, and its importance arises from the fact so clearly stated by the French Rear-Admiral Réveillère: "Our presence," as he says, "on the French shore is a perpetual menace of a dispute which has only been avoided by the display of extreme goodwill on the part of the two Governments concerned." There has been keen friction, however, between French naval officers and the English colonists, and disregard of the sovereign rights of England, so plainly defined in the Treaty of Utrecht. But on Jan. 3 Rear-Admiral Réveillère declared, evidently under Government inspiration, that the French shore of Newfoundland had no kind of value for the French navy. This cuts the ground from all the arguments of the "Colonial



THE REPORTED GERMAN AGGRESSION IN THE TONGA ISLANDS: TALAU, FROM OLOPEKA NEIAFU, VAVAU.



THE TONGA AFFAIR: VIEW OF NEIAFU, VAVAU.

party." The expenditure on Newfoundland, amounting to one thousand francs for every French fisherman in the colony, serves no national purpose whatever; it is pure waste of French public money. The same amount would give the country annually over five thousand excellent young naval recruits. For the first time the French Government has dared to let the overtaxed millions know that for public purposes during the last fifty years, three hundred millions of francs have been utterly thrown away in Newfoundland. But this is not all, or the only reason why the French Government would welcome a settlement. Last year the French cod-fishery in Newfoundland was a great failure on the north-east coast. Where there had been over a dozen establishments in 1893, there were only two, at St. Jullien and Rouge. At the former fifty men caught seven quintals of cod per man, actual value less than £4; Rouge, about £8. All the bounties France can give will not make such a business as this succeed; viz., a return of £480 to pay the expense of a large ship, food, and pay, for six months. Well, these amateurs refuse to go again to the north-east coast unless the Government will give them a special subsidy over and above the bounty equal to the actual value of the cod, and a special bonus of 50f. per head. Hitherto on the west coast the fishery has been rather better, especially the lobsters. These crustaceans have gone up to an extraordinary price. Prices are now

quoted at \$9.50 to \$10 per case, equal to £2; and the French pack, which in 1898 was worth £14,000—double the value of all the cod-fishery—has kept the business alive; but the lobster-fishery is contrary to the treaty. It is admitted by the French themselves, and is only permitted under a special *modus vivendi* made in 1890, and now the English Government emphatically refuses to renew it. The Newfoundlanders have all along protested against it—hence Admiral Réveillère's manifesto. What does M. Lockroy, Minister of Marine, say to this Newfoundland expenditure? The real interest of France in Newfoundland lies in the Bank fishery, and the shipowners of Granville, St. Malo, etc., will tell the Ministry that a secure supply of bait from Newfoundland is worth twenty French shores. They know this could be arranged and that at present the whole success of their business is at the mercy of the colonists. Hence the stir about Newfoundland in France. Well-informed authorities believe that the French shore question can be readily settled. J. P.

THE PHILIPPINE CRISIS.

The situation in the Philippines has during the past week reached an acute stage, the natives refusing to submit to their American liberators, and claiming absolute autonomy. General Otis has called on the native population to submit to American rule, promising them a share, by their representatives, in the government of their own country. But the party claiming national independence, represented by Aguinaldo, as Republican President, and his Ministers, who are Mabini, Teodoro Sandico, General Baldomero Aguinaldo, General Trias, and Gonzaga, seem to intend resistance. Their forces hold Iloilo, where General Miller, supported by three gun-boats, is ordered to land. On Jan. 9 and 10 it seemed as if the bombardment of Iloilo were imminent, but according to latest advices President McKinley hopes shortly to effect a peaceful solution.



THE PHILIPPINE CRISIS: GENERAL VIEW OF ILOILO.

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. W. Rankin.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND "FRENCH SHORE" QUESTION.

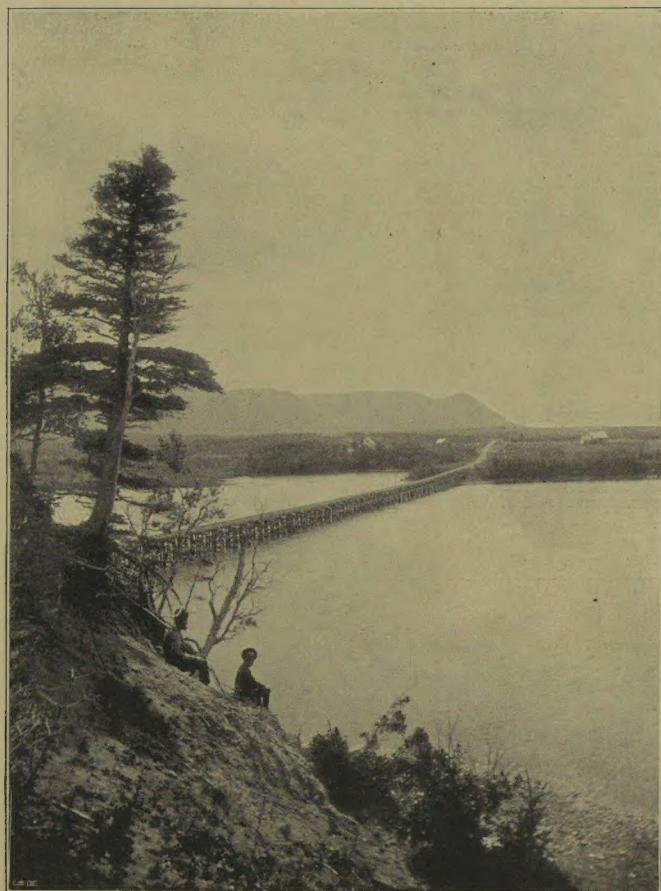
From Photographs by R. E. Holloway, St. John's, Newfoundland.



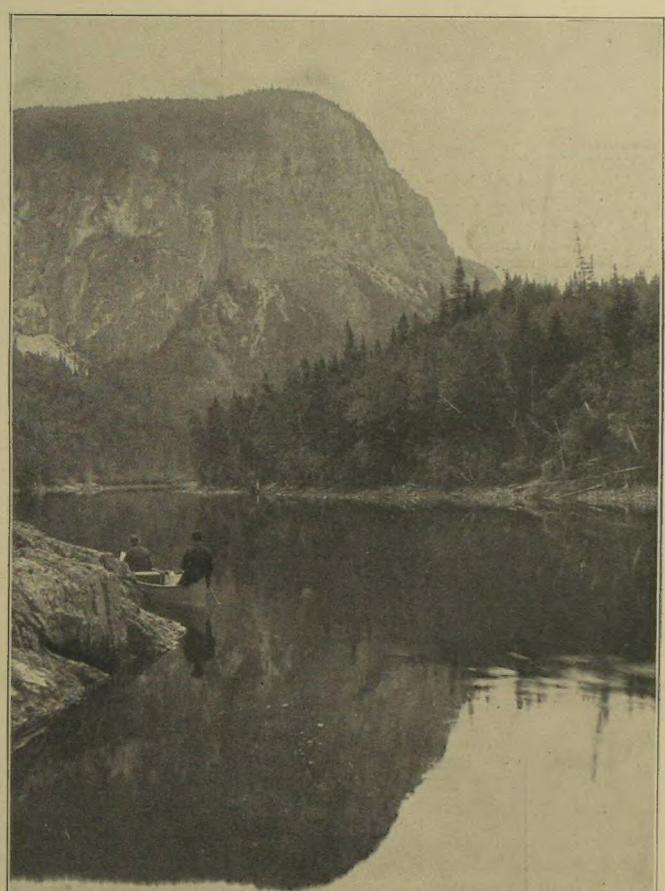
UPPER STEADIES, HUMBER RIVER, FRENCH SHORE.



BAY OF ISLANDS, FRENCH SHORE.



THE FRENCH SHORE: LITTLE CODRAY.



THE FRENCH SHORE: VIEW ON HUMBER RIVER, BAY OF ISLANDS.



SUNRISE AT PLACENTIA: SCHOONERS AT ANCHOR.



FRENCH FISHING-HUTS, RED ISLAND.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS.

The Cocos-Keeling Islands are situated in the Indian Ocean some five hundred miles south of Sumatra. They form an atoll, or circular group of islands, enclosing a shallow central lagoon some nine miles across. This salt-water lake communicates with the open ocean by one deep ship channel and a number of very shallow passages between the islands. It is an ideal place for sailing small boats, and a paradise for the fisherman; fish of all kinds, from grey mullet to great sharks and devil-fish, swarm, and sufficient excitement to satisfy the most exacting can be had by spearing one of the latter from a small boat. The natives, both men and women, are exceedingly skilful with the spear, and can strike a rapidly moving fish at a considerable distance. The islands themselves, some twenty or more in number, vary in size from a small patch of coral sand to seven or eight miles long, and from a few hundred yards to nearly a mile wide. The surface of the islands, rarely more than 10 ft. to 20 ft. above the high-water mark, are thickly planted with cocoanut-palms. The collection and husking of the nuts is the chief occupation of the men, while the women split off the shells and cut up the kernel for drying in the sun to make "copra," the chief export of the islands. The 300 to 600 inhabitants lead a quiet, contented, if rather monotonous existence.

The islands were first settled by Captain Ross in 1827, previous to which they were uninhabited. The present proprietor, Mr. G. Clunies Ross, who is grandson of the founder of the colony, has done very much to improve the condition of the people, notably by the introduction of strict sanitary regulations, which have almost stampeded out the beri-beri, which formerly caused great mortality.

THE UNITED STATES CABINET.

Our portrait-group of the President of the United States and his Cabinet is practically self-explanatory, giving as it does the name and office of each member. Mr. McKinley's official salary, it may not be uninteresting to note, is £10,000 per annum, each Minister receiving £1000.

BOILER EXPLOSION AT BARKING.

A terrible disaster took place on Friday at Barking, in Essex, on the premises of Messrs. R. Hewett and Co., engineers and steam-boat builders, where nearly one hundred and twenty men and boys are employed. At three o'clock in the afternoon on Friday a boiler, which had been for some time disused, but was again getting up steam, suddenly blew up. The domed upper portion was lifted on high, and in its fall demolished the shed, with parts of other brick buildings; large fragments of iron were cast to a long distance, and ten of the workpeople were killed, including several boys and Archibald Burness, the foreman. Much valuable machinery also was destroyed. It is supposed that the steam-gauge valve, which should have indicated the pressure correctly, was out of order, not having been used for two years past. Our illustration shows the scene of ruin after the accident.

M. VERESTCHAGIN'S EXHIBITION.

The extraordinary series of pictures at the Grafton Gallery is a study both of a great artistic temperament and of a great historic event. The painter, M. Verestchagin, the well-known Russian artist, is hardly less interesting than his main subject—the Retreat from Moscow. He has studied war on the battlefield and in many campaigns, and has made it the principal business of his life to tell the truth about this ghastly "sport of kings." He saw the Russian campaigns in Central Asia, and the great Russo-Turkish War, and he painted them to the life and—to the death. He has been a great traveller, and he has depicted India and Palestine with the same studious passion for realities as his military scenes. He has found a military subject once more in the present series, the greatest of all subjects for a

Russian artist. We have the awful pageant of Napoleon's advance, of the burning of Moscow, and of the subsequent horrors of the retreat. Borodino, which gave the invader possession of the ancient capital of the Czars, is followed by the dire spectacle of the fire which Napoleon watched from the Kremlin and recognises as the presage of the ruin of his hopes. The army now sets forth on the

line of retreat which has been devastated by the wanton excesses of the troops in their advance, and the immense host seems nothing but a speck of suffering humanity in the interminable snows. No other artist has painted the snow like Verestchagin, and for the best of all reasons. Painters who are familiar only with the winters of Western Europe

seems to be a more stay-at-home species than any griffon, for its range is constant from the western districts of Egypt to Abyssinia and the interior of Eastern Africa (Musai Land and the Lake Regions).

The snowy owl which is depicted in our Illustration was captured in the middle of the Atlantic, and is a bird which, from its plumage, ought to have known better than to be so snared. The fully adult snowy owl is pure white from head to tail, and the young birds are barred below, as we see in the picture; but our faithful portrait shows that on the face and on the breast the pure white feathers have already supervened, proving that the bird is well on the road to the plumage of maturity. That is why we insist that, being by no means a youngster, the bird ought to have known better than to start on his travels across the unknown sea. When our ships, the *Alert* and *Discovery*, anchored in the Arctic regions, the naturalists recognised the snowy owls in their winter quarters, and found both nests and eggs. In the high north, when the lemmings migrate in their millions, they are always followed by these great owls. In Alaska many pairs are seen dotted over the hills of the tundra, where they rear their young. Their nest is scarcely worthy of the name, being merely a hollow in the hillside. It is the young birds, with spotted plumage, that wander south and visit the British Islands on their winter migration. Seldom does an old bird quit its Arctic home, but in certain seasons, as in North America two years ago, the snowy owls came southward in swarms, and numbers were shot and preserved for museums.

R. B. S.

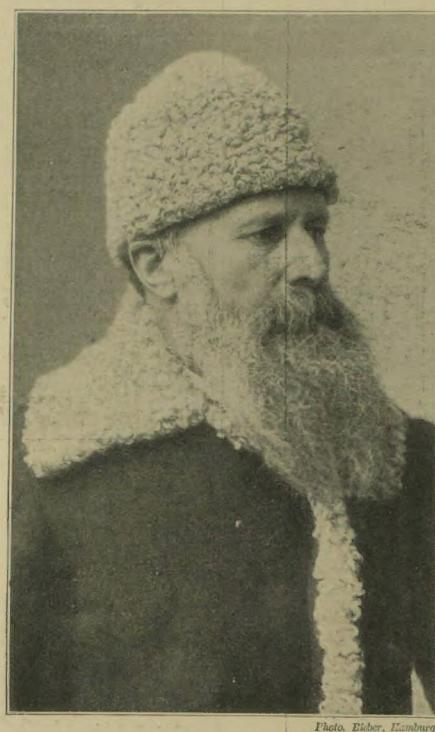
THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. PENLEY AND "A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE," AT THE ROYALTY.

A return to sentiment, that of the Christmasy order, celebrated Mr. Penley's welcome return to the Royalty. Here we have the customary young squire in monetary difficulties, the faithful old butler in the baronial hall, and various festivities associated with a Christmas marriage. Happily here also is droll Mr. Penley as a long-lost nobleman returning home to serve as "a little ray of sunshine" to all his friends. How the insignificant-looking little lord is mistaken for the money-lender and is forced to play many parts—tailor, tutor, baker's man—and endure many tribulations before he can tell his story with proper Christmas accessories, every admirer of this quaintest of comedians will prefer to discover for himself. It must suffice to say that broad rollicking fun redeems the sentimental background of Messrs. Ambient and Hieriot's comedy, and that a strong company ably supports the actor-manager in one of his most successful and delightful impersonations.

MR. HARE'S REVIVAL OF "SCHOOL," AT THE GLOBE.

At a moment when the London stage seems given over to the worship of sentiment, when drama possessed of realistic merit or social importance is completely shelved, and when a whole year's theatrical record can only enumerate one long series of sentimental trifles, there is certainly an excuse for the revival of one of Robertson's thirty-year-old fairy tales. At least, the good-hearted Bohemian was the genuine originator of teacup-and-saucer melodrama; at least, his *bourgeois* little plays have some historical importance; at least, his simple if rather stilted dialogue proves its author a student of character (within limits) and a genuine humorist. So if our playgoers must be flattered with childish stage-fables which represent human nature and human fortunes not as they are, but as the sentimentalists would have them be, why, then the tea-pot of "Caste" or the milk-jug of "School" have far better claims on public attention than the mistletoe and holly illuminated by "A Ray of Sunshine." "School," too, is the most amiable and the most thorough-going fairy tale of the Robertson repertory. It is the story of a modern Cinderella of the sixties, with a gallant prince, a wicked villain, and a fairy grandfather. The sentiment is pretty, the humour fresh and unforced; the character of tender and vivacious Naomi Tighe a thorough delight. (Observe I treat "School"

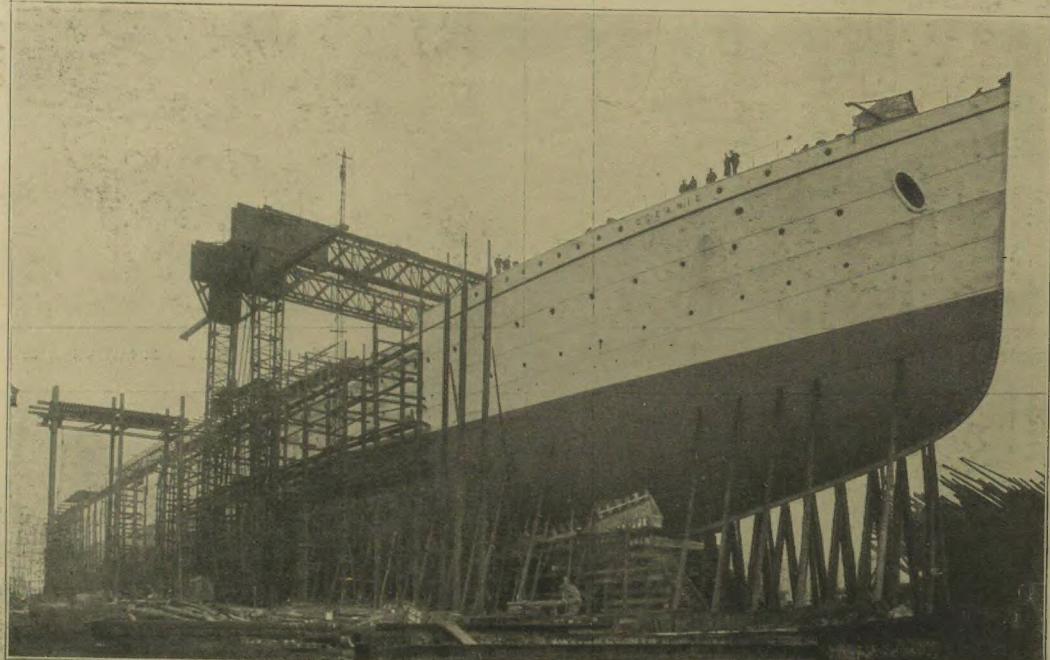


M. VERESTCHAGIN.

have had no opportunity to study it. His general studies of Nature in all her grander aspects, as seen in the present collection, are marked by the same realism. He was one of the first painters of the open-air school.

STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Rüppell's vulture (*Gyps rueppelli*) is one of the griffons of the genus *Gyps*. The representatives of this genus are only found in the Old World, and are not akin to the vultures of America, the condors and Turkey buzzards (*Cathartides*). From Southern Europe, South Africa, and eastwards to Central Asia and North-Western India,



THE NEW WHITE STAR LINER, "OCEANIC," ON THE STOCKS.

This superb vessel, which is 5 ft. longer than the "Great Eastern," is to be launched to-day (January 14) at Belfast. Our photograph was taken at the beginning of January, and shows the fitting of the cradle for launching. The bow is 90 ft. above the ground.

the griffon vultures are found, and they are mostly resident in the countries named; though, should a war break out between two Arab tribes, a migration of griffons specially takes place within a limited area, when all the vultures gather together to feed on the carcasses of the slain. Rüppell's griffon vulture, which is easily distinguished by the white tips to the feathers on the wings,

as if it were a new comedy). Moreover, Mr. Hare has every reason to be satisfied with the representation supplied by his Globe company on this, his second revival of "School." But the real triumph of the revival is that won by Miss May Harvey, whose arch and merry-hearted Naomi quite reconciles most of us to having missed the original representative, Mrs. Bancroft.

F. G. B.

PERSONAL.

Among the recipients of New Year honours occurs the name of Mr. John Furley, who has been created a Knight Bachelor. Sir John Furley has achieved distinction in connection with ambulance work, and has been for the last twenty-five years Commissioner to the National Aid Society. He is a Knight of St. John, and is, indeed, one of the most distinguished wearers of the Red Cross. The work of ambulance corps all over the world has been greatly benefited by the stretcher of which Sir John Furley is the inventor, and which has

MR. JOHN FURLEY.
New Knight.

made his name familiar to all who are engaged in the merciful task of rendering first aid to the injured, be it in thoroughfare or on battle-field.

Mr. Bryan, who is opposing the American policy of expansion, says it is inconsistent with the Christian religion. "Christianity means vicarious suffering and atonement, but this policy means vicarious enjoyment." It would be interesting to know whether any man who heard Mr. Bryan say this grasped its precise bearing on the question of the Philippines. If annexation is "vicarious enjoyment," how does Mr. Bryan's ambition to be President of the United States represent "vicarious suffering"?

The Honourable Sydney Robert Greville, who has been appointed an Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and who

appears in the list of New Year Honours for a Companionship of the Bath, is the youngest brother of the present Earl of Warwick. He is thirty-two years of age, and has distinguished himself in various Government offices. He has just retired from a private secretaryship to the Prime Minister. In 1887 he was assistant private secretary to Sir John Gorst when the latter was Under-Secretary for India. From 1888 to 1892 he was private secretary to Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister, and on his Lordship's return to power in 1895, Mr. Greville resumed his secretaryship.

Colonel San Martin is an unfortunate man. He commanded the garrison of Porto Rico, and surrendered to an overwhelming American force. For this he has been condemned by the Spanish Government to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress. For mean vindictiveness this would be difficult to beat. If anybody in the Spanish service deserves such a punishment, the Government should look nearer home. Colonel San Martin has done far less injury to his country than the politicians who were responsible for the Spanish armaments and grossly neglected them.

The Hon. Walter Rothschild, who has been elected unopposed as Parliamentary representative for the

Aylesbury

Division of

Buckinghamshire,

is the

eldest son of the

first Baron

Rothschild. He

was born in 1863,

and was educated at

Bonn and at

Magdalene

College, Cambridge.

He is a famous

naturalist, and

possesses, as we

note on another

page, the finest

existing private

collection of zoological

specimens. His museum is

situated at his

residence, Tring Park,

Hertfordshire, and upon

it Mr. Rothschild

has also been a generous benefactor of the Natural History Department of the British Museum at South Kensington, to which he has made presentations, and on more than one occasion he has, by a timely intervention, secured for England collections that must otherwise have gone elsewhere. Mr. Rothschild is unmarried.

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ADOLF MENZEL.

Adolf Menzel, the painter, illustrator, and engraver, who has been decorated with the Order of the Black Eagle, achieved celebrity by his drawings illustrating the times of Frederick the Great and William I. He is a native of Breslau. Menzel was born on Dec. 8, 1815. In 1830 he removed, with his parents, to Berlin, where he studied art at the Academy, and on his father's death had to support himself by selling pen-and-ink drawings. He has been since 1856 Professor at the Berlin Academy, and is an honorary member of the English Royal Water Colour Society. Two years ago his eightieth birthday was made the occasion of a great public celebration.

MUSIC.

THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.

The music which Mr. Ivan Caryll has composed for the new Savoy piece is for the most part considerably in advance of work with which he has hitherto been associated, so far as light opera is concerned. Although the second and third acts claim his gay and most festive mood, he has known here, at all events, how to combine that mood with a certain graver humour that belongs to the Savoy, a humour which, indeed, is part of its tradition. The first act, in which he forgets himself and makes the attempt to follow in the footsteps of Sullivan, cannot be described as extremely triumphant. It always seems to be on the verge of attracting its audience into enthusiasm, and it never quite succeeds. Later, as we have said, the experiment is more successful. On the first night Miss Eunice Owen made a great hit in the song "There was a minstrel gay," which really combines the best qualities of the merriest with the most sentimental of modern tunes; moreover, she deserved to make the hit, for she sang it quite charmingly. Mr. Lytton is so good a singer that it is a great pity that he had no song assigned to him in which he could prove his excellent quality; but Mr. Passmore got his chance in a ditty which concerned itself with the habits of the ostrich, and he made the most of it. Mr. Evett, who was so excellent a hero in the recent revival of "The Sorcerer," sang a charming song, "The



Photo, Zander and Labisch, Berlin.

ADOLF MENZEL IN HIS STUDIO.

Ivory Gate," with every distinction and with fine spirit. To take the music all in all, we may say that Mr. Ivan Caryll has accomplished a work full of interest and charm and of a daily kind of contemporary excellence. Whether or not such music is destined to last beyond six months

after its production cannot be predicted with certainty; sufficient for the day is the light music thereof.

The concert season has not yet come into full swing, but a few concerts here and there are to be recorded, like a few flowers that herald the arrival of the spring. The Saturday Popular Concerts have begun again, and on the first occasion of their revival, last Saturday, a very full house assembled. Mr. Leonard Borwick was the pianist on this occasion, and played Chopin's Sonata in B flat very beautifully. His wonderful delicacy and lightness of touch, his musicianly temperament, his quiet thoughtfulness, all get complete expression in his playing. He is a real artist. Lady Hallé led the quartet in an early Beethoven, which was interpreted with singular fullness by these excellent players. She afterwards played, as a solo piece, two movements by Nardini with all her usual beauty of tone and expression.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has during the past week been showing a London public at the Lyceum Theatre the stuff of which they are made. Beginning on Monday, Jan. 2, not very brilliantly with "Tannhäuser," they have gradually improved, until on the Friday of last week they gave as good a performance of "Pagliacci" as anybody could wish to witness. Miss Pauline Joran's Nedda was capitally sung and sympathetically acted, while Mr. Philip Brozel's Canio was, of course, an old triumph. It is by far his best part. The chorus, too, was active, alert, and intelligent, while the minor characters were all filled adequately and well.

Scarcely less good than "Pagliacci" was "Faust," in which Miss Joran was again seen to great advantage in the part of Marguerite. Mr. Umberto Salvini's Faust was fairly good, and all the other parts were spiritedly filled. The chorus, again, was extremely satisfactory; indeed, the chorus carried the

significance of the drama through with fine resolution and with an unobtrusiveness that are rare enough in all conscience, and which can only be found in organisations where public spirit goes for more than private vanity or individual ambitions. They work together with a will.



RUINS OF ANDRÉ'S BALLOON-SHED ON DANES ISLAND.

The shed on Danes Island in which André inflated his balloon has been blown down by a tempest, and now lies a picturesque mass of broken timber, curiously suggestive of the ill fate of the experiment. A French writer has likened the ruins to a huge cemetery of planks.



CHAPTER III.

THE SEVEN DEGREES.

The river Cothi, that after a lengthy course finally discharges into the Towy, so soon as it has quitted the solitudes of moor and mountain, traverses a broad and fertile basin that is a gathering-place of many feeders. From this basin it issues by a narrow glen, almost a ravine.

The sides of this great bowl are walled in by mountains, though not of the height, desolation, and grandeur of those to the north, where the Cothi takes its rise. The broad basin in the midst of the highlands, once probably occupied by a lake, is traversed near its head by the Sarn Helen, a paved Roman-British road, still in use, that connects the vales of the Towy and the Teify, and passes the once famous gold-mines of Ogofau.

At the head of this oval trough or basin stand the church and village of Cynwyl Gaio, backed by mountains that rise rapidly, and are planted on a fork between the river Annell and a tributary, whose mingled waters eventually swell the Cothi.

The lower extremity of the trough is occupied by a rocky height, Pen-y-ddinas, crowned with prehistoric fortifications, and a little tarn of trifling extent is the sole relic of the great sheet of water which at one time, we may conjecture, covered the entire expanse.

At the time of this story, the district between the Towy and Teify, comprising the basin just described, constituted the sanctuary of David, and was the seat of an ecclesiastical tribe—that is to say, it was the residence of a people subject to a chief in sacred orders, the priest Pabo, and the hereditary chieftainship was in his family.

And this pleasant bowl among the mountains was also regarded as a sanctuary, to which might fly such as had fallen into peril of life by manslaughter, or such strangers as were everywhere else looked on with suspicion. A story was told, and transmitted from father to son, to account for this. It was to this effect. When St. David—or Dewi, as the Welsh called him—left the synod of Brefi, in the Teify Vale, he ascended the heights of the Craig Twrch, by Queen Helen's road, and on passing the brow, looked down for the first time on the fertile district bedded beneath him, engirdled by heathery mountains at the time in the flush of autumn flower. It was as though a crimson ribbon was drawn round the emerald bowl.

Then—so ran the tale—the spirit of prophecy came on the patriarch. His soul was lifted up within him, and raising his hands in benediction, he stood for a while as one entranced.

"Peace!" said he—and again, "Peace!" and once more, "Peace!" and he added, "May the deluge of blood never reach thee!"

Then he fell to sobbing, and bowed his head on his knees. His disciples, Ismael and Aidan, said, "Father, tell us why thou weepest."

But David answered, "I see what will be. Till then may the peace of David rest on this fair spot."

Now, in memory of this, it was ordained that no blood should be spilled throughout the region; and that such as feared for their lives could flee to it and be safe from pursuit, so long as they remained within the sanctuary bounds. And the bounds were indicated by crosses set up on the roads and at the head of every pass.

Consequently, the inhabitants of the Happy Valley knew that no Welsh prince would harry there, that no slaughters could take place there, no hostile forces invade the vale. There might ensue quarrels between residents

PABO THE PRIEST

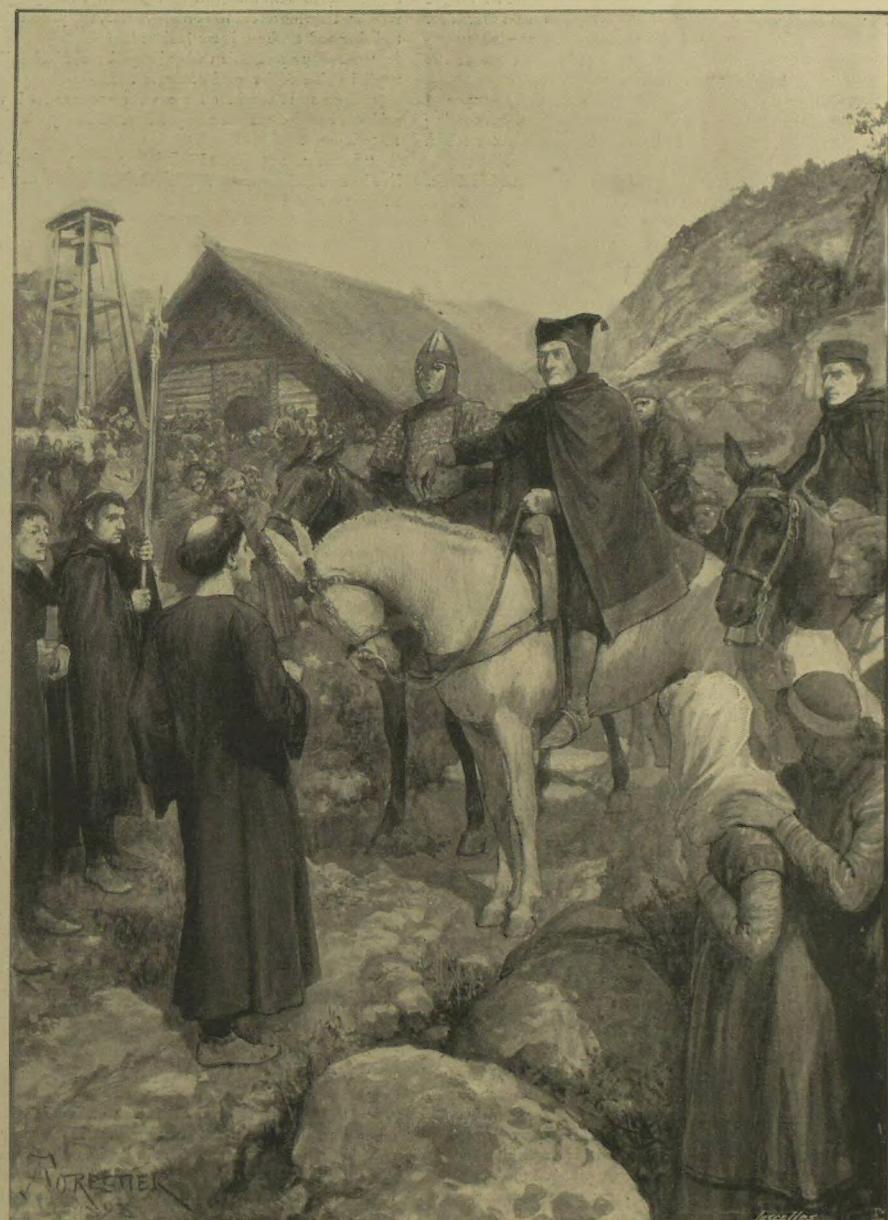
By S. BARING-GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

in the Happy Land, personal disputes might wax keen; but so great was the dread of incurring the wrath of Dewi, that such quarrels and disputes were always adjusted before reaching extremities.

And this immunity from violence had brought upon the inhabitants great prosperity. Such was a consequence of the benediction pronounced by old Father David.

It was no wonder, therefore, that the inhabitants of the region looked to him with peculiar reverence and almost fanatical love. Just as in Tibet the Grand Lama never dies, for when one religious chief pays the debt of nature, his spirit undergoes a new incarnation, so—or almost so—was each successive Bishop of St. David's regarded as the representative of the first great father, as invested with all his rights, authority, and sanctity, as having a just and inalienable claim on their hearts and on their allegiance.



Pabo hesitated a moment, then complied.

But now a blow had fallen on the community that was staggering. On the death of their Bishop Griffith, the Church of St. David had chosen as his successor Daniel, son of a former bishop, Sulien; but the Normans had closed all avenues of egress from the peninsula, so that he might not be consecrated, unless he would consent to swear allegiance to the see of Canterbury and submission to the crown of England, and this was doggedly resisted.

Menevia—another name for the St. David's headland—had undergone many vicissitudes. The church had been burnt by Danes, and its bishop and clergy massacred, but it had risen from its ruins, and a new successor in spirit, in blood, in tongue, had filled the gap. Now—suddenly, wholly unexpectedly, arrived Bernard, a Norman, who could not speak a word of Welsh, and mumbled but broken English, a man who had been hurried into Orders, the priesthood and episcopal office, all in one day, and was thrust on the Welsh by the mere will of the English King, in opposition to Canon law, common decency, and without the consent of the diocese.

The ferment throughout South Wales was immense. Resentment flamed in some hearts, others were quelled with despair. It was not the clergy alone who were in consternation: all, of every class, felt that their national rights had been invaded, and that in some way they could not understand this appointment was a prelude to a great disaster.

Although there had been dissensions among the princes, and strife between tribes, the Church, their religion, had been the one bond of union. There was a cessation of all discord across the sacred threshold, and clergy and people were intimately united in feeling, in interests, in belief. In the Celtic Church bishops and priests had always been allowed to marry—a prelate of St. David's had frankly erected a monument to the memory of two of his sons, which is still to be seen there. Everywhere the parochial clergy, if parochial they can be styled, where territorial limits were not defined, had their wives. They were consequently woven into one with the people by the ties of blood.

Nowhere was the feeling of bitterness more poignant than in the Happy Valley, where the intrusion of a stranger to the throne of David was resented almost as a sacrilege. Deep in the hearts of the people lay the resolve not to recognise the new bishop as a spiritual father, one of the ecclesiastical lineage of Dewi.

Such was the condition of affairs, such the temper of the people, when it was announced that Bernard was coming to visit the sanctuary and there to initiate the correction of abuses.

Pabo, the Archpriest, showed less alarm than his flock. When he heard that threats were whispered, that there was talk of resistance to the intrusion, he went about among his people exhorting, persuading against violence. Let Bernard be received with the courtesy due to a visitor, and the respect which his office deserved.

A good many protested that they would not appear at Cynwyl lest their presence should be construed as a recognition of his claim, and they betook themselves to their mountain pastures, or remained at home. Nevertheless, moved by curiosity, a considerable number of men did gather on the ridge, about the church, watching the approach of the bishop and his party. Women also were there in numbers, children as well, only eager to see the sight. The men were gloomy, silent, and wore their cloaks, beneath which they carried cudgels.

The day was bright, and the sun flashed on the weapons and on the armour of the harnessed men who were in the retinue of Bishop Bernard, that entered the valley by Queen Helen's road, and advanced leisurely towards the ridge occupied by the church and the hovels that constituted the village.

The Welsh were never—they are not to this day—builders. Every fair structure of stone in the country is due to the constructive genius of the Normans. The native Celt loved to build of wood and wattle. His churches, his domestic dwellings, his monasteries, his kingly halls, all were of timber.

The tribesmen of Pabo stood in silence, observing the advancing procession.

First came a couple of clerks, and after them two men-at-arms, then rode Bernard, attended on one side by his interpreter, on the other by his brother Rogier in full harness. Again clerks, and then a body of men-at-arms.

The bishop was a middle-sized man with sandy hair, very pale eyes with rings about the iris deeper in colour than the iris itself—eyes that seemed without depth, impossible to sound, as those of a bird. He had narrow, straw-coloured brows, a sharp, straight peak of a nose, and thin lips—lips that hardly showed at all—his mouth resembling a slit. The chin and jowl were strongly marked.

He wore on his head a cloth cap with two peaks, ending in tassels, and with flaps to cover his ears, possibly as an imitation of a mitre; but outside a church, and engaged in no sacred function, he was of course not vested. He had a purple-edged mantle over one shoulder, and beneath it a dark cassock, and he was booted and spurred. One of the clerks who preceded him carried his pastoral cross—for the see of St. David's claimed archiepiscopal pre-eminence. In the midst of the men-at-arms were sumpter mules carrying the ecclesiastical purtenances of the bishop.

Not a cheer greeted Bernard as he reached the summit of the hill and was in the midst of the people. He looked about with his pale, inanimate eyes, and saw sulky faces and folded arms.

"Hey!" said he to his interpreter. "Yon fellow—he is the Archpriest, I doubt not. Bid him come to me."

"I am at your service," said Pabo in Norman-French, which he had acquired.

"That is well; hold my stirrup whilst I alight."

Pabo hesitated a moment, then complied.

"The guest," said he, "must be honoured."

But an angry murmur passed through the throng of bystanders.

"You have a churlish set of parishioners," said Bernard, alighting. "They must be taught good manners. Go, fetch me a seat."

Pabo went to the presbytery, and returned with a stool, that he placed where indicated by the bishop.

The people looked at each other with undisguised dissatisfaction. They did not approve of their chief holding the stirrup, carrying a stool for this foreign intruder. Their isolation in the midst of the mountains, their immunity from war and ravage, had made them tenacious of their liberties and proud, resistful to innovation, and resolute in the maintenance of their dignity and that of their chief. But a certain amount of concession was due to hospitality, and so construed these acts could alone be tolerated. Nevertheless their tempers were chafed, and there was no graciousness in the demeanour of the bishop to allay suspicion, while the contemptuous looks of his Norman attendants were calculated to exasperate.

"It is well," said Bernard, signing imperiously to Pabo to draw near. "It is well that you can speak French."

"I have been in Brittany. I have visited Nantes and Rennes. I can speak your language after a fashion."

"Tis well. I am among jabbering jackdaws, and cannot comprehend a word of their jargon. I do not desire to distort my mouth in the attempt to acquire it."

"Then would it not have been as well had you remained in Normandy or England?"

"I have other work to do than to study your tongue," said Bernard with a laugh. "I am sent here by my august master, the fine clerk, the great scholar, the puissant prince, to bring order where is confusion."

"The aspect of this valley bespeaks confusion," interrupted Pabo, with a curl of the lip.

"Do not break in on me with unmannered words," said the bishop. "I am an apostle of morality where reigns mere license."

"License, my Sieur! I know my people; I have lived among them from childhood. They are not perfect. They may not be saints, but I cannot admit that a stranger who is newly come among us, who cannot understand a word that we speak, is justified in thus condemning us."

"We shall see that presently," exclaimed Bernard, "when we come to particulars. I have heard concerning you. My lord and master, the Beaumanoir Henry, has his eyes and ears open. Ye are a dissolute set, ye do not observe the Seven Degrees." Then aside to his chaplain: "It is seven, not four, I think?"

"I pray you explain," said Pabo.

"Seven degrees," pursued Bernard. "I must have all the relationships of the married men throughout the country gone into. This district of Caio to commence with, then to go on through the South of Wales—through my diocese. I must have all inquired into; and if any man shall have contracted a union within the forbidden degrees, if he have taken to him a wife related by blood—consanguine, that is the word, chaplain, eh?—or connected by marriage, affine—am I right, chaplain?—or having contracted a spiritual relationship through sponsorship at the font, or legal relation through guardianship—then such marriages must be annulled, made void, and the issue pronounced to be illegitimate."

"My good Lord!" gasped Pabo, turning deadly pale.

"Understand me," went on the bishop, turning his clear, ringed, bird-like eyes about on the circle of those present, "if it shall chance that persons have stood at the font to a child, then they have thereby contracted a spiritual affinity—I am right, am I not, chaplain?—which acts as a barrier to marriage; and, if they have become united, bastardises their issue. Cousinship by blood, relationship through marriage, all act in the same way to seven degrees—and render unions void."

"Are you aware what you are about?" asked Pabo gravely. "In our land, hemmed in by mountains, marriages are usually contracted within the same tribe, and in the same district, so that the whole of our people are more or less bound together into a family. A kinship of some sort subsists between all. If you press this rule—and it is no rule with us—you break up fully three-fourths of the families in this country."

"And what if I do?"

"What! Separate husband and wife!"

"If the union has been unlawful."

"It has not been unlawful. Cousins have always among us been allowed to marry. No nearer blood relations; and the rule of affinity has never extended beyond a wife's sister. As to spiritual relationship as a bar, it is a device of man. Why! to inquire into such matters is to pry into every family, to introduce trouble

into consciences, to offer opportunity for all kinds of license."

"I care not. It is our Canon law."

"But we are not, we never have been, subject to your Canon law."

"You are so now. I, your head, have taken oath of allegiance to Canterbury. Thereby I have bound you all."

Pabo's cheek darkened.

"I rely on you," proceeded the bishop. "You, as you say, have lived here always. You can furnish me with particulars as to all the marriages that have been contracted for the last fifty years."

"What! does the rule act retrospectively?"

"Ay. What is unlawful now was unlawful always."

"I will not give up—betray my people."

"You will be obedient to your bishop!"

Pabo bit his lip and looked down.

"This will entail a good deal of shifting of lands from hand to hand, when sons discover that their fathers' wedlock was unlawful, and that they are not qualified to inherit aught."

"You will cause incalculable evil!"

The bishop shrugged his shoulders.

"Lead on to the church," said he. "My chaplain, who is interpreter as well, shall read my decree to your people—in Latin first and then in Welsh. By the leard of Wilgoftoris! if you are obstructive, Archpriest, I know how to call down lightning to fall on you."

CHAPTER IV.

A HWYL.

A Welsh church at the period of the Norman Conquest was much what it had been from the time when Christianity had been adopted by the Britons. It was of wood, as has been already stated.

The insular Celt could never apply himself to the quarrying and shaping of stone.

The church of Cynwyl was oblong, built of split logs, roofed with thatch. The eaves projected, so as to shelter the narrow windows from the drift of rain, as these latter were unglazed. Only in the chancel were they protected by sheep's anion stretched on frames.

A gallows of timber standing at a short distance from the west end supported the bell. This was neither circular nor cast, but was oblong in shape, of hammered metal, and riveted. The tone emitted was shrill and harsh, but perhaps was on this account better suited to be heard at a distance than had it been deep in tone and musical in note.

Rude although the exterior of the church was, the interior was by no means deficient in beauty, but this beauty was limited to, or at least concentrated on, the screen that divided the long hall into two portions. There were no aisles, the only division into parts was effected by this screen, that was pierced by a doorway in the middle.

This screen was, indeed, constructed of wood in compartments, and each compartment was filled with an intricate and varied tracery of plaited willow wands. It was the glory and the delight of the Celt to expend his artistic effort on the devising and carrying out of some original design in interlaced work—his knots and twists and lattice were of incomparable beauty and originality. If he took to carving on stone, it was to reproduce on the best tractable material his delightful lace-work of osiers.

The patterns of the compartments were not merely varied in plaits, but colour was skilfully introduced by the flexible rods having been dyed by herbs or lichens, and a further variety was introduced by the partial peeling of some of the wands in rings. Moreover, to heighten the effect, in places flat pieces of wood like shuttles, but with dragons' heads carved on them, were introduced among the plait as a means of breaking continuity in design and allowing of a fresh departure in pattern.

Within the screen a couple of oil-lamps burned, rendered necessary by the dusk there produced by the membrane that covered the windows. Here, beneath the altar, was preserved the abbatial staff of the founder—a staff invested by popular belief with miraculous powers.

On the last day of April every year, this staff was solemnly brought forth and carried up the river Annell, to a point where rested an enormous boulder, fallen from the mountain crag, and resting beside the stream, where it glanced and frothed over a slide of rock, in which were depressions scooped by the water, but superstitiously held to have been worn by the Apostle of Caio as he knelt in the water at his prayers and recitation of the Psalter. Here the Archpriest halted, and with the staff stirred the water. It was held that by this means the Annell was assured to convey health and prosperity to the basin of the Cothi, into which it discharged its blessed waters. Hither were driven flocks and herds to have the crystal liquid scooped from the hollows in the rock, and sprinkled over them, as an effectual preservative against murrain.

The bishop occupied a stool within the screen. On this occasion he had nothing further to do than proclaim his inflexible determination to maintain the prohibition of marriage within the seven degrees for the future, and to annul all such unions as fell within them, whether naturally or artificially, and to legitimatise all children the issue of such marriages. It was the object of the Norman invaders to sow the seed of discord among those whose land they coveted, to produce such confusion in the

transmission of estates as to enable them to intervene and dispossess the native owners, not always at the point of the sword, but also with the quill of the clerk.

The villagers had crowded into the sacred building; they stood or knelt as densely as they could be packed, and through the open door could be seen faces thronging to hear such words as might reach them without. Every face wore an expression of suspicion, alarm, or resentment. Pabo stood outside the screen upon a raised step or platform, whence he was wont to read to or address his congregation. It sustained a desk, on which reposed the Scriptures.

The bishop's chaplain occupied the centre of the doorway through the screen. He held a parchment in his hand, and he hastily read its contents in Latin first, and then translated it into Welsh. Pabo was a tall man, with dark hair and large deep eyes, soft as those of an ox, yet capable of flashing fire. He was not over thirty-five years of age, yet looked older, as there was gravity and intensity in his face beyond his years. He was habited in a long woollen garment dyed almost but not wholly black. He was hearkening to every word that fell, his eyes fixed

again an awful hush. Men set their teeth and their brows contracted; the muscles of their faces became knotted. Women held their palms to their mouths. Appealing hands were stretched to Pabo, but he did not stir.

Then, when the translation was ended, the chaplain looked round in silence to Bernard, who made a sign with his hand and nodded.

In a loud and strident voice the chaplain proceeded: "By order of Bernard, by the grace of God, and the favour of his Majesty the King, Bishop of St. David's and Primate of all Wales—all such as have contracted these unlawful unions shall be required within ten days from this present to separate from the women with whom they have lived as husbands, and shall not occupy the same house with them, nor eat at the same board, under pain of excommunication. And it is further decreed that in the event of contumacy, of delay in fulfilling what is hereby required, or refusal to fulfil these lawful commands, after warning, such contumacious person shall forfeit all his possessions, whether in lands or in movable goods, or cattle—he wearing apparel alone excepted; and such possessions shall be divided into three equal portions,

judge between the fat cattle and between the lean cattle. Because ye have thrust with side and with shoulder, and pushed all the diseased with your horns, till ye have scattered them abroad; therefore will I save my flock, and they shall no more be a prey; and I will judge between cattle and cattle—"

"What doth he say? What readeth he?" asked the bishop of his chaplain, whom he had beckoned to him.

Pabo heard his words, turned about and said—"I am reading the oracle of God. Is that forbidden?" A woman in the congregation cried out; another burst into sobs.

Pabo resumed the lecture, and his voice unconsciously rose and fell in a musical wail: "I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them." At once—like a rising song, a mounting wave of sound—came the voice of the people, as they caught the words that rang in their hearts; they caught and repeated the words of the reader after him—"One shepherd, and he shall feed them." And as they recited in swelling and falling tones, they moved rhythmically, with swaying bodies and raised and balanced arms. It was an electric, a marvellous quiver of a common emotion that passed through the entire congregation. It



Pabo resumed the lecture, and his voice unconsciously rose and fell in a musical wail.

on the ground, his hands clenched, his lips closed, lines forming in his face.

It escaped Bernard, behind the latticework, and incapable of observing such phenomena, how integrally one, as a single body, the tribesmen present were with their ecclesiastical and political chieftain. Their eyes were riveted, not on the reader, but on the face of Pabo. The least change in his expression, a contraction of the brow, a quiver of the lip, a flush on the cheek, repeated itself in every face.

Whilst the lecture in Latin proceeded, the people could understand no more of it than what might be discerned from its effect on their Archpriest; but it was other when the chaplain rendered it into everyday vernacular. Yet even then, they did not look to his lips. They heard his words, but read the commentary on them in the face of Pabo.

They understood now with what they were menaced. It was shown to them, not obscurely. They knew as the allocution proceeded what it involved if carried out: there were wives present whose sentence of expulsion from their homes was pronounced, children who were bastardised and disinherited, husbands whose dearest ties were to be torn and snapped.

Not a sound was to be heard save the drone of the reader's voice; till suddenly there came a gasp of pain—then a sob.

whereof one-third shall be confiscated to the Crown, one-third shall fall to the Church Metropolitan, and, again, one-third—" He raised his head. Then Bernard moved forward in his seat that he might fix his eyes upon Pabo; there was a lifting of his upper lip on one side, as he signed to the chaplain to proceed: "And, again, one-third shall be adjudged as a grace to the Informer." A moan swept through the congregation like that which precedes the breaking of a storm. "To the Informer," repeated the chaplain, "who shall denounce to the Lord Bishop such unions as have been effected in this district of Caio within the forbidden degrees."

This last shaft pierced deepest of all. It invited, it encouraged treachery. It cast everywhere, into every family, the sparks that would cause conflagration. It was calculated to dissolve all friendships, to breed mistrust in every heart.

Then Pabo lifted his head. His face was wet as though he had been weeping, but the drops that ran over his cheeks fell, not from his glowing eyes, but from his sweat-beaded brow.

He turned back the book that was on the desk and opened it. He said no words of his own, but proceeded to read from the volume in a voice deep, vibrating with emotion; and those who heard him thrilled at his tones.

"Thus saith the Lord God. Behold, I, even I, will

went further—it touched and vibrated through those outside, near the door—it went further, it affected those beyond, who knew not what was said.

Pabo continued—and his voice rolled as if in a chant—"I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them—even my servant DAVID."

"David! He shall feed us—even he, our father—our father David!"

Those kneeling started to their feet, stretched their arms to heaven. Their tears poured forth like rain, their voices, though broken by sobs, swelled into a mighty volume of sound, thrilling with the intensity of their distress, their hope, their fervour of faith—"Even he shall come—God's servant David!" At the name, the loved name, they broke into an ecstasitic cry, "And I the Lord will be their God, and my servant David a prince among them; I the Lord have spoken it!" The chaplain translated. "He is uttering treason!" shouted Bernard, starting up. "David a prince among them! We have no King but Henry."

Then from without came cries, shouts, a rushing of feet, an angry roar, and the clash of weapons.

To be continued.

* A minnau yr Argwydd a fydd yn Dduw iddyn, a'n gwas Da fydd yn dywyseg yn eu myng; myll yr Argwydd a leferais byn Ez. xxxiv. 24.

SCENES IN THE KEELING COCOS AND CHRISTMAS ISLANDS.

From Pictures by Mr. J. W. Ross.



MR. ROSS'S COMPOUND ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND.



NATIVE HUT ON THE KEELING COCOS



A GROUP OF NATIVES ON THE TRAMWAY TRACK.



THE BEACH, BOAT-HOUSES, AND COCOA-NUT TREES.



President McKinley.

Hon. I. J. Gage
Secretary of the Treasury.

Hon. J. W. Griggs
(Attorney-General).

Hon. John Hay

(Secretary of State). Hon. J. D. Long
(Secretary for the Navy). Hon. J. Wilson
(Secretary for Agriculture)

Hon. R. A. Alger

Hon. C. N. Bliss
Secretary for War). (Secretary of the Interior). (Postmaster-General).

Hon. C. E. Smith

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HIS CABINET AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Bain and Jester, New York.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is going to change his whereabouts. Addington Park, near Croydon, is a very nice property for a private citizen, but its inaccessibility as a place of call for the clergy of the metropolitan-diocese has long been a cause of complaint. A purchaser is easily found for a really pretty country place within a few miles of London; and the sum of £20,000 is thus free for the erection of a Palace at Canterbury. Some of the houses now standing in the precincts of the Cathedral will be incorporated in the new Palace, which will therefore be also an old one; and the growing sense of the decorum of being on the spot when duty has to be done receives a fresh and particularly fit illustration.

The Empress Frederick's long visit to England has at last come to a close; and the Queen has lost the companionship of the one among her children with whom, since the death of Prince Leopold, she has been best able to exchange thoughts and to confer about public and private events. The Empress, rather appropriately, has read the Bismarck memoirs here in her own country, and her patriotism, at any rate, must have felt flattered by the jealousies of England awakened in Bismarck's bosom by her presence at the German Court. The Empress, however, is understood to have no difficulty in allowing to Prince Bismarck the sincerity as well as the courage of his opinions; and it

each other in Piccadilly to ask the name of the "Peer," lingered to express keen regrets on learning that the victim was young Count Francis Karolyi, attaché to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. Though only twenty-five years of age, he had shown great aptitude in his profession. His devotion to that profession, in which



PRINCE BISMARCK'S MAUSOLEUM AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

will be no surprise if she is present when his ashes are finally laid to rest in the mausoleum, the site of which was of his own choosing, and a photograph of which is now reproduced. Last August Emperor William, it will be remembered, suggested the vaults of the new Cathedral in Berlin as a fitting resting-place for the great statesman, then recently dead; but Count Herbert Bismarck, feeling bound to respect the wishes of his father, decided that the mausoleum, which is not a national memorial yet not a private one, should be erected by his Hamburg friends on a wooded knoll of the park at Friedrichsruh, in the glades of his beloved Sachsenwald.

Our two Klondike Illustrations given on this page represent the region of Lake Linderman and the Chilcoot Pass. On the lake is Bennett City, and our smaller view is taken looking in the direction of the pass. At the lake, travellers who have made the adventurous descent from the pass begin their journey by boat along the lake chain. On the shore of the lake timber is plentiful and boat-building is actively carried on. The earlier adventurers, however, had to content themselves with rafts. The temperature at the lake is considerably milder than at the summit of the Chilcoot Pass, but, except from June to September, it is cold enough. Our larger picture shows the state of traffic through the pass last year.

The suicide of Count Karolyi, though it took place on Friday evening last week, and was a rumour on Saturday, was not generally known until Sunday morning, when the "posters" of the papers aroused the public curiosity by a variety of headings, one of them "The Suicide of a Peer." The beautiful weather brought more than the usual crowd to Church Parade, and acquaintances, who stopped



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: LAKE LINDERMAN AND BENNETT CITY.

many members of his family have become illustrious, was evidenced by the portraits, all of statesmen, and some of them of English statesmen, hanging round the walls of the chambers in Piccadilly in which he shot himself. So far as anything can be certain, it is certain that ill-health, and no other cause, so far preyed on the young diplomat's mind as to unhinge it, with the fatal result now known. Such is the opinion of all the friends of the Count, who had, indeed, only lately returned to London after ten weeks' absence on sick-leave.

There are turmoils in Samoa, and there is no Robert Louis Stevenson to write letters to the *Times*. From Apia, a name he made familiar to readers, comes news of the preliminaries for the election of a King next week. Some tribes are willing, and some are not; and the result is, one does not quite know why at this distance, a threat to assassinate the Chief Justice. The British and the United States Consuls have issued a proclamation, and Germany is alert. Meanwhile, the spot in Samoa in which English interest centres is no longer inhabited by Mrs. R. L. Stevenson and her family. After spending the summer in England, they are now on their travels in Portugal.

Mr. Albert B. Lloyd has come back to England from Toro, the western province of Uganda, a journey he has accomplished in three months. He has palavered with the pygmies, and passed through the uncomfortable territory of the cannibals. Mr. Lloyd found himself now and again in the tracks of Mr. Stanley's steps; but he had not to fire a single shot in defence of himself or his party, which consisted



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: THE CHILCOOT PASS ROUTE IN 1898.

Photo, Captain Seddon.

only of a couple of native servants and carriers. The pygmies kept out of the way of even this modest group of explorers as much as they could; and, when they did come in contact, the pygmies were so frightened of the solitary European that they covered their faces with their hands when they spoke. The pygmies, when measured, proved to be about four feet long; they had full beards; and they moved so quickly that even a snap-shot photograph was difficult to get in those gloomy glades. Restless as they are, they never go outside the forest, through which Mr. Lloyd tramped for twenty days. Once Mr. Lloyd gave a show to thousands of native men, women, and children, for he put together his bicycle, mounted it, and rode round and round amid a scene of indescribable excitement. Nor does the traveller, it is worth noting, discount the story by the mention of the bicycle-maker's name.

The Duke of Northumberland was on Monday buried in Westminster Abbey, according to the immemorial, if not absolutely legal, right of the Percy family. The Dean read the burial service in St. Nicholas's Chapel, and the chief mourner was the new Duke, hitherto known as Earl Percy, who succeeds to his father's title and immense estates at the mature age of fifty-three. For twelve years, however, he has sat in the House of Lords as Lord Lovaine, and the eldest of his many sons, Lord Warkworth, an intrepid traveller, has sat for four years in the House of Commons as member for South Kensington.

Now that the Duke of Northumberland is dead, the Earl of Mexborough is the only survivor of the unreformed Parliament of 1831.

On Monday, Jan. 2, the steamer *Angers* was wrecked at Dieppe. The vessel was a modern-built cargo-steamer, equipped with powerful engines, enabling the passage to be made between Newhaven and Dieppe in four hours. On Monday night the vessel made her usual trip from Newhaven to Dieppe, although the wind blew with almost hurricane force. On arriving at the entrance of Dieppe Harbour, about midnight, when, no doubt, all concerned were congratulating themselves on the termination of a boisterous voyage, the unfortunate vessel refused to answer her helm, and at the same moment a mountainous wave carried her with irresistible force against the massive iron and wooden piles of the pier. The vessel struck side-on, and tore away some fifty yards of the structure. She sank instantly on the other side



WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP "ANGERS" AT DIEPPE:
REMAINS OF VESSEL AND PIER.

of the pier. Our illustrations exhibit the wreck, the gap in the pier, and the isolated head of the latter, to which the crew remained clinging for about seven hours, exposed to the fury of the gale. Four of the crew, unfortunately, were drowned, and one succumbed to exposure before relief could be given.

That inspired five-year-old, Laurence Dennis, the negro child preacher, has now reached New York, and held forth there on Sunday, Jan. 8, to a large audience at Mount Olivet Baptist Church. The precocious boy excited his hearers to frenzy by his fervour. Evidently young Laurence is not falling off. It is now about two years since he first announced, in his Georgia home, that he was going to preach. Unlike other boys, however, who make this not uncommon resolution, he did not regard his preaching as a thing of the future. The Horatian *carpe diem* is evidently his intuitive motto, for he began at once and lisped sermons that set the neighbourhood all agog with wonder and excitement. Specimens of his style betray strong imitation rather than originality, and his "talent" is not altogether surprising when one reflects that he was born into a home of fervent and somewhat extravagant negro piety.

One of the many Irishmen who have made large successes at the English Bar is Mr. P. J. Murphy, Q.C., once Treasurer of the Middle Temple. Mr. Murphy, who not long ago retired from practice, has now transferred to the Middle Temple a fund to provide an annual prize of £10 to the Irish student who passes the best examination in Common Law at the Trinity Term examination.

Workmen in Nice may, at any rate at this time of year, be considered an enviable race by their horny-handed brothers in northern climes. But the toilers of Nice have their own drawbacks, and one of these has undoubtedly been the insufficiency of their housing arrangements. What Peabody and Lord Rowton have done for English-speaking artisans Comte de Chambrun has decided to do for some of the workmen of the Riviera. With a gift of £125,000, which goes further there than it would here, he has just set going the good work, that will be watched with interest by the country from which it draws its inspiration.

She heard a voice say—"Write to the Queen." That is the story told by Mrs. Penrose, of Cardiff, who was in trouble about the enlistment of her son, and only support, in the Army. Hearing the voice, Mrs. Penrose wrote a letter to the Queen, which has, at any rate, brought the boy back to his home, under promise that he will support his mother. "Voices" have played a strange and romantic part in most of the mystical religious movements of the world, and have governed the action of men as unlike in conditions as Saint Augustine and Cardinal Newman. But they have probably never before been behind an order issued in due form from the War Office by the Adjutant-General.

H.M.S. *Prince George*, which is being put in commission for the Duke of York, is a twin-screw battle-ship, of the first class, armoured, and of 14,900 tons burthen. She carries on the tradition of an older *Prince George*, which was present at the capture of Gibraltar.



Photo. Crabb, Sontheim.

H.M.S. "PRINCE GEORGE," TO BE COMMANDED BY THE DUKE OF YORK DURING
THE VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES FLEET TO SPITHEAD.

The Duke, as Rear-Admiral, will command the ship at Portsmouth during the visit in June of the United States fleet to Spithead. The vessels to compose the visiting squadron will probably be the cruisers *Nashville*, *Chicago*, *Brooklyn*, and another vessel.

We reproduce herewith an interesting photograph of the original petition sent to the Khalifa by Sir Rudolf Slatin Pasha, when in captivity at Omdurman, begging leave to go home to Austria-Hungary, and twice promising never to betray the Khalifa and the bread and salt that he had eaten for ten years. He promises also, dead or alive, to die or live a Muslim (Mussulman). The original is in the possession of Mr. Hugh H. Johnson, of the *Moayyad*, Cairo, who sends us the photograph and the following translation—

In the name of God the merciful, the compassionate. Praise be to God, the master, the generous. Salutation and prayer be to our Prophet Muhammad and his parents, and Resignation. From the slave of God, 'Abdu'l Qadr Slatin, to the master, the mainstay of the Khalifa, the representative of the Mahdi (on whom be peace), 'Abdullah, son of Said Muhammad Naqr Allah. Amen. For more than ten years I was at your gate, your goodness



PIER AT DIEPPE, DESTROYED BY STEAM-SHIP "ANGERS."

نسم الله من رحيم الله الولي الکریم والصالح على عباده
شده لجهة ... وعده في خبره ... عده ... ملائكة
... سندوفي مرح ... العبد ... ملا ... الخاتمة
ابن السيد محمد ناصر الله امين ... سيد بيوف ... مبشر
سبحان رب سعادتكم معروف واحسانكم الله ... علينا
الله ... معلوم ... ان حب اهل ... والوطن ما يروم
الاسلام ... نستوي ... مُمْتَبِعٌ على عطر الامان و
لعيث ... ما ... لومت من مد ... الاستيذان ... لجبن
... بدحه ... على كل الناس ... لاشاهدته ... لك على
الغاصب عرضك ... خونك ... ندانك ...
وصلت اوصي ... في الدرب اخفا من ... اقربي ديني لا ...

SIR R. SLATIN PASHA'S PETITION TO THE KHALIFA.

great upon me. You must know, however, that the love of parents and country is not annihilated from the heart of man. We wish to leave, to see them. We leave, preserving the faith of Islam, remembering the bread and salt, that we shall never betray. I should prefer to die to going out without permission; of this all men and myself are conscious. Pardon me. Your reputation is at stake. So I shall not betray, if I arrive at my destination, or if I die en route. Pardon me. I am not far from you. Give me the "aman" [forgiveness].



ANY PORT IN A STORM.



Photo, Newman, Berkhamsted.

THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD, NEWLY ELECTED M.P. FOR AYLESBURY, DRIVING HIS CELEBRATED TEAM OF ZEBRAS.

Walter Rothschild is best known to the world at large as a naturalist, and his museum at Tring is said to be the finest private collection of zoological specimens in the world. Mr. Rothschild has achieved a remarkable record in taming and training a team of zebras. These animals are stabled, shod, fed, and shod in the same way as horses, though they always object to the last operation. The zebras present a beautiful sight as they trot along with proudly carried heads and arched necks.



MR. PENLEY'S RETURN TO THE STAGE: "A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.



ON DUTY: A SKETCH AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, JANUARY 6.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

One of the most amusing features of the gathering was the spectacle of grave and responsible "parents and guardians" patiently holding the more cumbersome accessories of fancy costume while the children were dancing.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Companions of Pickle: Being a Sequel to Pickle the Spy. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)
Life of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., By Rear-Admiral C. G. Penrose Fitzgerald. Cheap Edition. (William Blackwood and Sons.)
The Life and Letters of Henry Cecil Raikes. Late her Majesty's Postmaster-General. By Henry St. John Raikes. (Macmillan.)

John Keble's Parishes. A History of Hursley and Otterbourne. By Charlotte M. Yonge. (Macmillan.)
The Battle of the Study. A Romance of Two Kingdoms. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen and Co.)

The Handsome Brandons. A Story for Girls. By Katharine Tynan. With Twelve Illustrations by Gertrude Densin Hammond, R.I. (Blackie and Son)

Seven Nights with Satan. By J. L. Owen. (Greening and Co.)

Two Sons of the King. A Tale of Hotspur and Glendower. By G. A. Henty. With Twenty Illustrations by Ralph Peacock. (Blackie and Son)

We're Here and Our Authors. By Laura Markholm Hanson. An English Version of the second edition of the German work by Hermann Ramsden. (Lane)

Mr. Lang has followed up his great discovery that young Alastair Maedonell of Glengarry was the consummate traitor "Pickle" by a fascinating volume which reconstitutes the society in which Pickle moved and lived and had his being. It may be said—and without the slightest disparagement—that Mr. Lang has journalistic Jacobitism. Short of fiction, that was exactly what was wanted, so as to induce the general reader to interest himself in the historical side of the death of the Stuart cause. On a recent occasion Lord Rosebery, in a charming speech, threw out a hint that somebody should compile a list of the bauble honours of the tinsel Court which the Vagabond King held at St. Germains. Of recent years a vast mass of undigested Jacobite documents have been printed by various antiquarian clubs. In the serried ranks of these volumes (published by private subscription almost entirely in the provinces) lies a wealth of romance in the best sense. But only now and again do we find the eye that can see this, the imagination that can make the picture. That is the great thing Mr. Lang has done; and he has added to the vast stores of material ready at his hand by researches of his own. The present volume goes to prove more thoroughly Mr. Lang's fascinating speculation that young Glengarry was a traitor in the Jacobite camp. Mr. Lang has filled in the details of the picture by sketching the careers of the great Jacobites, beginning with the last Earl Marischal, to whom he devotes two chapters. Lord Marischal's life has yet to be written, for it was full of romance. Mr. Lang touches only the fringe of it, though even then he might have been more explicit. Thus why say that "the Earl's tutor was probably [William] Meston, the Jacobite wit and poet," when there seems to be no doubt on the point. Has not Mr. Lang read the excellent chapter on Meston in Mr. Walker's "Bards of Bon Accord"? Mr. Lang might certainly have given greater substance to his picture of Marischal by consulting the better-known researches of North-Country writers. But the lives of the Keiths—Marischal and his brother James, the friend of Frederick the Great—have yet to be written. Mr. Charles Lowe dealt with the Field-Marshall in his story "A Fallen Star"; but the day of the historian is at hand. What Mr. Lang has done he has accomplished with distinction of style and imagination; nobody else has yet dealt with Marischal so picturesquely. With regard to "John Murray of Broughton," Mr. Fitzroy Bell's recent monograph for the Scottish History Society came in time to supply Mr. Lang with the most recent facts. The mysterious "Mdile. Luci" is the subject of a charming chapter. Mr. Lang has identified her as Mdile. Ferrand. The careers of Colonel Archibald Macdonell of Barisdale and Colonel John Macdonell of the Scots house are dealt with in separate chapters, which enhance our knowledge of the branches of that great family. Then we get pictures of Cluny Macpherson, and of the clan of Cameron, while the last chapter deals with the Glengarrys themselves as the pivot of Mr. Lang's labours. Mr. Lang's difficulty has been in the abundance of the material at command. These two books may be taken as only the beginning of a real philosophic history of the Jacobite movement, which Mr. Lang must one day give us. Meantime he has written one of the most delightful and suggestive books of the season, incomparably more readable than the bulk of novels.

A cheap edition of Rear-Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald's interesting "Life of Sir George Tryon" has appeared opportunely upon the top of the wave of interest in our Navy awakened by the recent war scare. Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald throws no light upon the foandering of the *Victoria*—an infinitely more inexplicable disaster than the wreck of the *Mahogany*—since his suggestion, that it was such a mistake in mental arithmetic as all of us are liable to make, does not hold water for a moment. Any man might, as he says, have unthinkingly said six instead of twelve cables, but no man upon being twice reminded of so obvious a blunder could have stuck to it unthinkingly. The conduct of the crew of the *Victoria* is so heroic a record and precedent as almost to make up to the Navy for the loss of such men, of such a ship, and of such an Admiral.

Apropos of the Navy, the following happy epigram occurs in Mr. St. John Raikes' entertaining *Life of his father*, the famous Postmaster-General. Upon the appointment of Mr. W. H. Smith to the Admiralty, Mr. Raikes, in his disgust with the selection, writes thus to his mother: "You will be amused (though I think it no laughing matter) by the epigram on the Strand bookseller, who has been selected to administer the British Navy on the verge of a European war—

A paper fleet is this of ours
 If all they say be true;
 Let's hope the fleets of other Powers
 Are stationary too."

However, the Strand bookseller turned out as much of a success at the Admiralty as Mr. Raikes himself as Postmaster-General, and the story of this success and of the life and work which led up to it, is succinctly and instructively recorded in this interesting biography.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's history of Hursley and Otterbourne—"John Keble's Parishes"—is the modern equivalent of the mediæval halo round the head of a saint. Keble's very parishes are suffused with his sacredness, and derive a reflected interest from his pastorate. As this well-written history of Hursley and Otterbourne will interest not only the inhabitants of these two villages, but also the combined hosts of Miss Yonge's and of John Keble's admirers, it is assured of an immense circulation.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's admirers may, perhaps, be disappointed in "The Battle of the Strong," but only because he has taught them to expect such great things from him. It is an exceedingly interesting Jersey story of a secret and selfish marriage made by the villain, which he disavows in the day of his great prosperity; and of his abduction of the child of the union from the much-enduring heroine, its mother. Poetic justice is done to all in the end, since the hero displaces the villain, not only in the heart of the heroine, but also in the succession to the title and the property of the Duchy of Bercy.

Miss Katharine Tynan's "The Handsome Brandons" is a very pretty and natural Irish story, in which your interest is divided, and at times even distracted, between a host of heroines. After a series of adventures and misadventures admirably described, all pair off happily with partners who deserved them; while the villain of the novel meets a doom mediæval in its melodramatic appropriateness. In a word, "The Handsome Brandons" is as pretty a girl's story as one could choose for a present.

There is "no relish of salvation," in Mr. J. L. Owen's "Seven Nights with Satan," whose loathsome opening scene is the key-note of the tale: "Then a subdued light was revealed in the mysterious recess, and what was apparently the corpse of a woman (young and possibly prepossessing—in life) appeared, 'laid out' in a coffin with winding-sheet and the usual trappings of a tomb about the figure." As if this was not realistic enough, the body began to undergo a change, and became revolting to the gaze—decomposition setting in, the hair gradually passing away, and the eyes disappearing. The flesh withered, too, and the figure slowly assumed the semblance of a skeleton. Such is the moral transformation undergone by the hero from his first introduction till the Thames closes over his suicide. "Seven Nights with Satan" is not as pleasant as it is strong.

"Both Sides of the Border" is a stirring boy's book of the wars between Hotspur and Douglas, written in Mr. Henty's happiest vein. It was a time when all the dogs of war were let loose together in England, Wales, and Scotland by such masters of the human hunt as Hotspur, Mortimer, Glendower, and Douglas, and there is enough battle, murder, and sudden death to satisfy the most martial-minded of boys.

When George Egerton, Mrs. Tanqueray, and Duse dawned on us for the first time, the philosophy of the moment which their critics dismissed as "neurotic," was described with the greatest skill by Frau Hansson in a little book called "Modern Women," which Mr. Lane published. Frau Hansson's husband had already been made known to us by George Egerton's translation of his idylls, called "Young Ofeg's Ditties"; and she followed with a theory of the "movement" which seemed to sum up the moment. In the present volume she returns to the same subject, which, you may take it, has been scotched (in literature) only temporarily. Frau Hansson's outlook has little to do with "woman's rights." That, she maintains, is only the desire for outward independence. Frau Hansson practically maintains that a woman should be as perfect a unit as a man is; and she holds strongly that by becoming a real entity woman is no more unfit to become a wife than man is to become a husband. It is from this point of view that she criticises the series of modern writers under discussion. They are Gottfried Keller, Paul Heyse, Ibsen—whose life-work has been a persistent wandering out of one *cul-de-sac* into the other; Björnson, Tolstoy, "the Russian barbarian" (Frau Hansson was born in Russia), Strindberg, de Maupassant, and Barbey d'Aurevilly. Frau Hansson is always interesting. You may disagree with her, but you must go on reading to the end; and these essays are valuable as showing less the goal than the drift of women's opinion in our own time.

A LITERARY LETTER.

It is rather amusing to catch so thorough a bibliophile as Dr. Garnett napping, yet it has been my privilege to do so, for in his preface to Mr. Lane's edition of Shelley's "Victor and Cazire" he refers to the original edition as an octavo book. This I have now satisfactory evidence it was not. The only copy known of Shelley's first volume of poems, it will be remembered, was, until the other day, in the possession of Mrs. Hussey. It was bound up with a canto of Byron's "Childe Harold," and with his "Lara" and "Corsair," and it has been in the possession of Mrs. Hussey's family ever since Shelley first printed it, and gave one copy to his cousin, Harriet Grove, Mrs. Hussey's aunt. Now it has changed hands. Mrs. Hussey has sold it for a very large sum—a sum which gave me a shock when I saw the account—to Mr. Thomas-Wise, the well-known bibliophile. Mr. Jaggard, the second-hand-book seller of Liverpool, arranged the transaction on commission. On examination, it is clear that, although the Byron poems are all in their original octavo form, Shelley's "Victor and Cazire" has been cut down and entirely deprived of margin, in order to make it fit the Byron books with which it is bound. It was, as a matter of fact, a quarto, identical in size with the first edition of Shelley's "Cenci."

The recent death of Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald will open to the public a new series of Fitzgerald's letters. The whole of the correspondence addressed by Fitzgerald to his wife, together with a large number of letters to her father, Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, has now been placed in the hands of Canon Ainger. With so admirable a correspondent as Fitzgerald, and so capable an editor as Canon Ainger, we are entitled to expect a delightful book.

Mr. Clement Scott's new book, "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day," will not only be a history of the stage during the Victorian Era, but will contain an immense fund of reminiscence and anecdote dealing with that period. The work will be fully illustrated with pictures, portraits, play-bills, and autograph letters of interest.

Mr. T. Rendle, who has represented the *Yorkshire Post* in the Gallery of the House of Commons for a long time, has been appointed dramatic critic to the *Daily Telegraph*, in succession to Mr. Clement Scott, who is off to the South of France immediately. Mr. Rendle's position in the Gallery of the House has been given to Mr. Foster Fraser, an account of whose bicycle tour round the world is to be published in a few weeks by Messrs. Methuen under the title "Round the World on a Wheel."

Messrs. Ward and Lock have continued their delightful edition of Whyte-Melville's novels with "Cerise," for which Mr. Jacob-Hood provides very charming illustrations. I have received "Katerfelto" in red cloth and "Cerise" in blue cloth. I understand that the edition is being issued in both forms. "Thormanby," in a newly published volume (Hutchinson), "Kings of the Hunting Field," declares "Cerise" to be Whyte-Melville's best novel. "Thormanby's" account of Whyte-Melville, by the way, is the most detailed I have read so far. Shall we ever have a biography of this powerful and popular novelist?

Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Company, of New York, send me a parcel of their publications as a Christmas present, a graceful courtesy from an American publishing house which I very much appreciate. They have a pretty way of doing these things on the other side of the Atlantic. One of the books most interesting to us on this side is entitled "American Bookmen," by M. A. de Wolfe Howe. It contains biographical and critical sketches of Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and other prominent American writers, and is full of admirable portraits and facsimiles.

Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution, Part I," is the book of the hour. In fact, in the place in my room devoted to newly published books, it occupies at this moment a space to itself. There has been practically nothing published for many days now. One of my friends informs me that he has devoted his Christmas holidays to re-reading "The Early History of Charles James Fox," with a view to preparing himself for an appreciation of Sir George Trevelyan's continuation. I have no doubt many others have done the same. Some of the booksellers, however, are regretting that the work does not bear the name of Charles James Fox on its title-page: they would have been able, they urge, to sell a great many more had it done so. One bookseller assures me that it is particularly difficult to "catch" even the intelligent book-buyer unless the way is made wonderfully plain for him.

To Miss Foxcroft's most valuable work on Lord Halifax Messrs. Longmans have added a leaflet of corrigenda and addenda, which that eminent firm of publishers will send to anyone who has already purchased the book.

A friendly feeling towards one's fellow-journalists, and towards more or less competing journals, is unquestionably a desirable thing to cultivate. But one need not cultivate it at the expense of occasional candour. When, therefore, I note the chorus of congratulations that the *Spectator* has received upon its appearance with cut edges, I must confess to being decidedly antagonistic. I have had many a pleasant hour in bygone days with the *Spectator* plus the paper-knife. The *Echo* genially suggests, however, that the *Spectator* has not appeared with cut edges before its edges had ceased to be worth cutting. Something may be said for that view. I do not know what has caused the deterioration that has so obviously come over the *Spectator* since Mr. Hutton's death. It can hardly be due to editorial influences. Mr. St. Loe Strachey and Mr. Graves must have been almost as actively engaged at Wellington Street during Mr. Hutton's last days as now. Nevertheless, while the opening pages of notes remain as hitherto among the best things in modern journalism, the paper generally is losing much of its old dignity. It accepts too readily as gospel any catchpenny political cries that may be going. It frequently falls into vulgarity, as when in its last issue it tells us that it has tried to "boil down" Lord Elgin's speech.

I know certain book-collectors who are very proud of the possession of what are called "tall" copies of well-known historical works. They glory in the library form of Gardner's "History of England," of Mr. Lecky's "Eighteenth Century," and so on. As every one of these books has undergone modification in the smaller and cheaper editions, I do not know that they have any great reason to pride themselves on their more expensive tomes. Now we have a cheap form of Mr. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty," which henceforth will be obtainable uniform with the cabinet edition of his *History*, in two neat little volumes. Here, also, there is an advantage in possessing the cheaper book. It contains a fifty-six page introduction, in which the member for Trinity College, Dublin, has many interesting things to say concerning the later aspects of democracy and also of Mr. Gladstone. The criticism of Mr. Gladstone is, of course, not appreciative. It would be impossible for so poor a speaker as Mr. Lecky, a man to whom alertness of mind is quite unknown—a man, moreover, with an intense feeling of discipleship for Carlyle, who hated oratory—to have appreciated a man with whom eloquence and alertness of mind were distinguishing features. Mr. Lecky, however, has been so valuable a digester of facts from which his readers are able to draw their own conclusions, that his books are indispensable possessions, and the new edition of "Democracy and Liberty," which Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. have so opportunity published, will not want for students. C. K. S.



THE TERRIBLE BOILER EXPLOSION AT BARKING.

Facsimile Drawing by Melton Prior.

STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

By Lascelles and Co.



No. I.—RUPPELL'S VULTURE, FROM THE WESTERN DESERT OF EGYPT.

STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

By Lascelles and Co.



No. II.—SNOWY OWL, CAPTURED IN MID-ATLANTIC.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"Don't go near my pictures; they smell badly of paint," said Rembrandt to his visitors. Of course, it was only his jocular way of warning people that his canvases, or, at any rate, the majority of them, ought to be looked at from a distance. I have, however, been speculating for the last fortnight—in fact, since the Burlington House Loan Collection has been on view—how that warning must have affected some of Rembrandt's patrons who failed to see the force of a joke, and were inclined to take his words too literally. They must have come to the conclusion that he was deliberately making fun of them, for whatever the unpleasant odour of the pigments, it must have been as that of attar of roses compared to the stench they had to inhale before they could reach his domicile in Amsterdam at the time of Rembrandt's greatest popularity and prosperity.

For that domicile was situated in the most sordid, frowsy, and ill-smelling part of Amsterdam—the Jewish quarter. Even to-day, when sanitation has abated some of its horrors, which one cannot name in print, the side streets leading from the main artery, the *Joodse-breedstraat*, the Jewish Broad Street, are nothing less than a blot upon civilisation from a hygienic point of view. The very names of some of them make one shudder. One does not care to ponder what they must have been two centuries and a half ago. If the reader doubt my word, let him go and look for himself the next time he visits the capital of Holland.

It is true that Baruch Spinoza lived in the same neighbourhood; but he was a Jew, and born there, and the sealer of the place must have been therefore familiar to him. But one cannot help asking what induced Rembrandt to take up his quarters in the *Joodse-breedstraat*, especially after his marriage with a sweet young girl of considerable social standing, and a native of a healthy, cleanly provincial town. We must not forget that to this residence among the poorer and humbler class of Jews we owe some of his best-known pictures, such as the "Woman Frying Pancakes," the "Leper," the "Synagogue," the "Hawker of Rat Poison," the "Jew with the Magnificent Cap"; all of which subjects were, no doubt, painted from Hebrew models and originals. I have, nevertheless, an idea that the composition of all these works was a result and not the cause of his sojourn among the Jews.

What, then, was the cause? I have no explanation to give except a theory of my own, which, after all, may be utterly wrong. These great masters of the Dutch school were altogether unlike the masters of the Flemish school. Rubens, van Dyck, Frank Floris, were grand seigneurs. Rembrandt, in spite of the magnificent collection of pictures by his contemporaries and art objects which he had gathered around him, seems to have been as downright a Bohemian as were Franz Hals, Jan Steen, Adriana van Ostade, Adriana Brouwer, and the rest. Nearly all of them died poor, in spite of the comparatively large sums—allowing for the value of money at that period—they appeared to have received for their works. One hundred and thirty-three pounds sterling does not sound much for the most famous picture in the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam, but let the reader curious in such matters calculate the purchasing power of that amount two hundred and fifty years ago, not only in England, but in Holland, where among the natives even in our days a guilder goes as far as a half-crown with us, while, on the other hand, the alien pays a guilder for what elsewhere he would get for a shilling.

Rembrandt was supposed up to recently to have been a miser; very authentic documents have proved that he was very much the other way. Still, one fails to account for the carking poverty in which he died. His funeral cost five-and-twenty shillings English. He did not spend his money in riotous living as did Steen, Brouwer, and Hals, all three of whom were festive to a degree, the Haarlem master being rarely sober after his day's work was done, but most God-fearing for all that, even in his deepest cups, and never forgetting to supplicate the Almighty to take him to His bosom shortly. His pupils, among whom were at the same time Adriana Brouwer and Adriana van Ostade, had to fetch him home from the tavern every night. Jan Steen was worse. The moment he had received the price of a picture or an advance on a commission, he disappeared from his home and seldom made his reappearance there till every cent was gone.

He was the hero of a story which has often been told of others, but the credit of which must finally be given to him. Having accepted a commission from a notable burgher of Leyden to paint a mural picture representing "The Children of Israel Crossing the Red Sea," Steen, as usual, requested a considerable advance, and, as usual, disappeared to have a joyous time, his patron having also gone on a pleasure-trip. Steen's return took place a day before the patron's, and the wall of the staircase had not as much as been touched. Steen simply painted it a dark red "all over." "What is this?" asked the astonished and irate merchant. "That," replied Steen, "is 'The Children of Israel Crossing the Red Sea.'" "Where are the Israelites?" was the next question. "They are over," was the answer. "Where are the Egyptians?" "They are under." Rembrandt never mystified his patrons in that way, nor had he any of the foibles of the others: his Bohemianism, without being snobbish oravouring in the least degree of tuft-hunting, was more cleanly and certainly less expensive than theirs. And yet he died as poor as they. The mystery has never been satisfactorily cleared up.

It is said that the late Duke of Northumberland was so convinced an Irvingite and held such high and ecclesiastical office in that communion that he never allowed any clergyman to officiate in his private chapel at Alnwick when he was present, simply because he regarded his own ecclesiastical position as supreme. His two sons, the present Duke and Lord Algernon Percy, are very pronounced Irvingites.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ON SOLVING OF DUBLIN No. 2858 received from S Subramania Iyer [Madras]; of No. 2849 from Armand de Rosset Meares (Baltimore, and S Subramania Iyer [Madras]); of Nos. 2852 and 2853 from Rev. Armand de Rosset Meares (Baltimore); of No. 2853 from C M A H J P Moon, C E M (Glasgow), L Penfold, Emile Frau (Lyons), and Albert Wolf (London).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2854 received from F Dalby, Richard Murphy (Wexford), C E M (Glasgow), J F Moon, Sorrento, F J S (Hampstead), A P A (Bath), C E Perugini, Alpha Shadforth, H S Bradstreet (Montgomery), D L G (Tiptree), W Campbell (Bridgewater), T Roberts, George Stirling John Colman, Miss D Gregson, F Hooper ("Putney"), R Worster (Camberley), T H Challen (Bromley), Captain J A Clarke (Great Yarmouth), J Bailey (Newark), Edith Corer (Reigate), and F J Early (Norwood).

ON SOLVING OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from Richard Murphy (Westgate), W K Dutt (Cambridge), Sorrento, W Campbell (Bridgewater), J F Moon, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C E Perugini, Edith Corer (Reigate), W H D Henvey, M G D, J Bryden (Wimborne), G George (Forest Hill), F Dalby, Miss D Gregson, R Lewis (Brockley), T J Blakemore (Birmingham), and A Glover (Chester).

SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

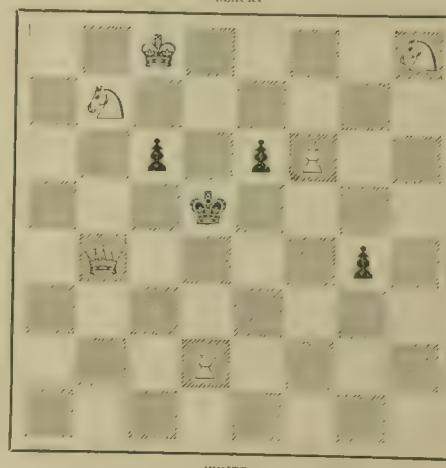
No. 1, K to Q 2nd; No. 2, R to Q 6th; No. 3, K to R 5th; No. 4, incorrectly stated; No. 5, Q to K 8th; No. 6, Q to K B 8th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2852.—BY N. HARROP.

WHITE. BLACK.
Kt to K 7th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2856.—BY P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LLANDUDNO.

Game played in the Craigside Tournament between Messrs. A. BURN and G. A. SCHOTT.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. K R to K sq	Castles Q R
2. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	17. B to K 3rd	R to R 7th
3. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	Player with great ingenuity, which	Player with great ingenuity, which
4. It is evident that there is nothing superior to the common Kt to K B 3rd	It is evident that there is nothing superior to the common Kt to K B 3rd	Player with great ingenuity, which	Player with great ingenuity, which
5. It is evident that there is nothing superior to the common Kt to K B 3rd	It is evident that there is nothing superior to the common Kt to K B 3rd	Player with great ingenuity, which	Player with great ingenuity, which
6. It is evident that there is nothing superior to the common Kt to K B 3rd	It is evident that there is nothing superior to the common Kt to K B 3rd	Player with great ingenuity, which	Player with great ingenuity, which
7. It is evident that there is nothing superior to the common Kt to K B 3rd	It is evident that there is nothing superior to the common Kt to K B 3rd	Player with great ingenuity, which	Player with great ingenuity, which
8. Castles	P to K 3rd	18. P takes Kt	Q R to R sq
9. B to Q 2nd	P to K 3rd	19. P to B 4th	P to Kt 6th
10. Q to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	20. B to K 4th (ch)	
11. Q to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	The only way out of a very serious	
12. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	dangerous sacrifice, as it turns out,	
13. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	saves White's game.	
14. P takes B	P takes P	21. K to B sq	K takes B
15. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	22. K to K 2nd	To it 6th (ch)
16. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	23. K takes R (ch)	To it 6th (ch)
17. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	24. K takes R	
18. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	25. K to B 3rd	
19. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	26. R to B 2nd	
20. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	27. R to B 2nd	
21. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	28. Q takes Q (ch)	
22. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	29. R takes Q (ch)	
23. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	30. K to Kt 4th	
24. Kt takes P	Kt takes P	31. Kt to K 2nd	Resigns.

Another game in the same Tournament, between the Rev. J. OWEN and Mr. A. BURN.

(Sukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. O.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. O.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	13. Q R to Q sq	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	Black intends sooner or later Kt to K B 3rd, and this should have been provided against by P to K B 4th. Now Black gets both his Knights in with decisive effect.	
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14. K to Q 2nd	Kt to K 4th
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to K 5th	15. Q to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th
5. P to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	16. P to K B 3rd	B takes R (ch)
6. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	17. K to Q 2nd	B to K 6th
7. Castles	P to Q 3rd	18. P to K 4th	
8. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P	19. Q to K 3rd	
9. Kt takes P	B takes P	20. K to Kt 4th	
10. Q to Kt 3rd	B takes P	21. K to K 2nd	
11. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	22. K to K 2nd	
12. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. K to K 2nd	

The Llandudno tournament has proved as successful as ever, with an entry of some dozen of our foremost amateurs for the major event. The struggle for first place resolved itself into a keen rivalry between Messrs. D. L. G. and A. Schott, and their play throughout was worthy of their reputation.

Some of the games have never been maintained the form they have displayed in previous years. Mr. Burt, for instance, falling far short of his previous achievement. The games are indeed very tame indeed, one, and the Craig-side Hydrostatic bids fair to become one of England's chess sanctuaries. At any rate, this meeting seems to have taken a permanent place in the events of the year.

A proposal is on foot for Mr. Pillsbury to engage in a lengthened tour, including a visit to the leading clubs of this country.

The match between Messrs. Showalter and Janowski has been interrupted by the Christmas holidays, and the score still stands: Janowski four, Showalter two, with three draws.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A very modestly worded announcement appeared in the newspapers a short time ago, the wording of which did not bear any proportion whatever to the importance of the tidings it conveyed. The paragraph stated that a bacteriologist had succeeded at last in distinguishing and isolating the special microbe in lymph to the action of which on the body the protective effects of vaccination are due. Now, I repeat, this is a highly important piece of intelligence. For if we are able definitely to place our finger on the special form of bacillus or other germ which works out in our frames protective effects against smallpox, a whole host of vexed questions will probably be finally settled, while the vaccination problem will also be solved in a manner satisfactory to every person who approaches the discussion of that problem from a rational standpoint. In the first place, it is probable that if the discovery to which I refer is confirmed, the bacillus which represents lymph in its essential features will be that which is not affected by the admixture of the lymph with glycerine. While this substance may destroy or suspend the activity of other germs which lymph may contain—accidental microbes, as it were—it may be concluded it does not affect the germ to which the lymph owes its powers. You exclude all other germs, and leave the one microbe which represents the active principle of the lymph. It is a like process which had to be pursued before the true germ of diphtheria was separated out from among the other microbes with which it is associated; and it is this procedure which will have to be accomplished ere we can be certain of, say, the scarlet-fever germ itself.

I have heard people talk disparagingly of the researches of bacteriologists, and sneer at the length of time it takes for science to discover the special microbe to which this or that disease owes its being. Such depreciation of the beneficial work of science is not merely a piece of practical ingratitude, but betokens an entire ignorance on the part of the critics of what the work of bacteriological research means and implies. Let us try to form some notion of the difficulties which beset the inquiry into the causation of any germ-produced disease whatever, and we may then be the better prepared to appreciate the really creditable rate at which research has progressed. There are four points which require to be definitely decided before any scientist can assure the world that a special microbe is the cause of any disease. First, he must demonstrate that in every case of the disease in question that special germ occurs. It may be associated with other germs, and to isolate the particular microbe to which the disease owes its origin is exactly the hard part of his task; but at least he must show that no case of the ailment occurs wherein the microbe which he contends is the cause of the disease is absent.

Having settled this first point, the next duty of the bacteriologist is to isolate his microbe and to cultivate it in his laboratory. He must, by this cultivating process, ensure that he is dealing with the one germ alone. His object is to breed the bacillus true, and to show, after generations of cultures have been made, that he is dealing with this one species and with that species only. All this work, let me observe, implies time and patience and the exercise of much skill. Months and months must elapse before the inquirer can be certain of his results, and people who grumble at the delays of science forget this fact, or conveniently ignore it, because they know nothing of the nature of the scientist's task, or of the difficulties which beset it. Having now isolated the one microbe which he has reason to believe is the cause of the disease, the next duty of the inquirer is to endeavour to reproduce the disease, in some animal form, by the use of the germ in the work of artificially inoculating the animal with the pure culture thereof. If he succeeds in inducing the original disease, the third step of the inquiry may be regarded as partly solved. I say partly, for he has also to prove that when the animal develops the disease, the same species of microbe is found in its body as the direct result of its inoculation.

The chain of evidence is now sound so far as it goes; but the chain itself is not yet complete. The fourth step is directed to proving that the germs produced by the disease in the animal are capable of conveying the ailment in its actual form to another animal; and when this latter fact has been demonstrated, we may regard the inquiry as at an end. Now when we have regard to the various stages of this important research—one which has for its aim not merely the saving of human life, but the protection of animals likewise from the plagues that affect them—we may be able to form some adequate idea of the difficulties which the bacteriologist has to overcome in the course of his endeavour to prove what to the uninstructed may seem a very simple matter indeed. It is research of this kind which has demonstrated whatever information of exact kind awaits us regarding the microbe of lymph. It was inquiry of this nature which tracked the bacillus of typhoid fever and that of diphtheria to complete demonstration; and wherever blanks in our knowledge of microbes in relation to disease-production exist, it will be work of the kind I have described which will be undertaken with the view of adding to our knowledge.

The magnificent gift of Lord Iveagh will be largely utilised in the beneficial work to which I have alluded. Everywhere we are beset by diseases which decimate our populations, shorten life, and cause widespread pain, distress, and sorrow. Is there any higher work in all the category of science than that which has for its object the lessening of disease and the protection of life of all grades from microbe attack? I do not think the reply to this question will be doubtful for a moment, when an answer is demanded from any unprejudiced mind. There will always be those amongst us who, refusing to look facts in the face, and neglecting the cry for help which suffering life is perpetually emitting, will condemn such researches. I pity the world which would be ruled by such persons. While they wait for some miraculous betterment of life they are never likely to see, what of those who perish day by day?



"THE SEAGULLS' RETREAT."—FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEXANDER MORTIMER.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Usually at this time of year we begin to get glimpses of the fashions of to-morrow by means of the Riviera costumes, on which the best modistes are engaged, while the general female public is still picking up its wintry bargains at the after-season sales. The day-after-to-morrow's fashions are what one wants to know, but before the task of prophesying what will "catch on" in dress for seasons yet undawned even the palmist, who will gaily predict the death of your nearest relations, or "a complete change in your life," sinks abashed. To-morrow's fashions are not prophecy, they are settled to those in the "know"; and the untiring effort of the good customer and the thorough journalist is to extract the information betimes from the leading dressmakers. Well, the Riviera models are one of the ways of penetrating the jealously guarded secret in midwinter as to what will be worn in the spring; but this year there is so little being done that the usual source of information does not afford so much indication as customary. There is, it seems, between typhoid and Dreyfus, a scare that is having a decided effect on the annual exodus to Southern France. The invalids must go, no matter what the moral or physical drainage condition of poor France; but the invalids just wrap themselves in cloaks and bask in sunny corners. The pleasure-seekers it is who wear the new frocks, and it is they who are making themselves scarce this season for fear of fever or revolution.

Still, there is the Riviera stir in the fashion world, so I can tell you that your spring gowns will be, as to the skirts, as tight as possible at the top, and your sleeves will also fit tightly to the shoulders. Perhaps the best idea for your cloth gowns is a deep overskirt with a peplum point nearly touching the hem, but cut up sharply thence to show a considerable amount of the underskirt: the latter will be probably most up-to-date if trimmed or embroidered a good deal, but it may be plain and simply cut full and flowing outwards round the feet, or it may be of a striped or fancy material. The greater trimming or more showy fabric of the underskirt than heretofore is one of the points that will mark out a new spring dress.

Chenille embroidery in one case, and in another a decoration of silk strips appliquéd in an elaborate fanciful pattern on a cloth ground, appeared under perfectly plain cloth tunics. In the one case the cloth was a satin-faced one of a grey-blue tone, and the chenille embroidery was black; a yoke of the same embroidery, with a white lace twist softening the junction of cloth and trimming, and a scarf of lace overhanging with chenille fringes depending from either shoulder to the waist (dangling loosely), harmonised bodice and skirt. In the other case the tan-coloured cloth polonaise did not trouble to "harmonise"; the underskirt was dark brown cloth overlaid with golden-brown silk appliquéd as described; the polonaise was edged with gold and tan braid about two inches wide, and this continued up to the throat, the fastening line on the bodice being oblique.

It is not necessary actually to have an under and over skirt; the object is attained by trimming, simulating an edge, very often; but this requires a careful cut of the skirt to secure the needful outward flow at the foot. Then, again, the underpiece of the skirt may be a sort of flounce put on the same foundation as the tunic-cut top skirt—not a visible ilmace, of course, for they have vanished with remarkable suddenness, but a frilled laid-on piece. This is the way in which a lace overdress on cloth was managed; the Parma violet-coloured cloth flounces might have been part of a complete underskirt, but would have been wasted if it had been so, and accordingly it ended under the edge of the violet soft silk that lined the narrow tunic of white lace. A second upper skirt appeared to exist at the back by reason of the long tails of the violet

cloth coat-bodice, which pouched slightly at its short front over a narrow white satin waist-band, and buttoned up pinafore fashion on a yoke of violet silk veiled with lace.

A feature of the latest mode is illustrated this week in Picard's design of a toilette in two shades of cloth, where the fastening of the Princess polonaise is obliquely from the right shoulder, the only trimming of this being rows of braid and four handsome buttons. The underskirt and tri-cornered vest are of a lighter shade of cloth trimmed with appliquéd of the darker. The toque is fur, with velvet bow and wings. The other Illustration is also of a costume in dark and light cloth, the redingote polonaise edged simply with braid and finished with a fur collar, while the underdress is braided and fur-banded. Velvet toque with tulle rosettes and plumes.

NOTES.

Public opinion must put a stern check on the manufacture of exciting false articles and their reckless publication by magazine editors. One notorious case is quickly followed by another. The Queen, who so seldom contradicts anything that is said about her, has felt it necessary to have officially denied the authenticity of a

leave to authorise this indulgence of the young Princes and Princesses! The blank ignorance of the Queen's character and how she rules all about her is less surprising, perhaps, than the unspeakable stupidity of such inventions. The fact is (and I speak with knowledge) that the Queen is a ruler by nature as well as by the habit of her great station, and that her children and grandchildren even, far more her servants, are what most people would consider excessive in their deference to her will and in respectful bearing and speech towards her—such is the behaviour which, both by habit and by nature, the Queen exacts from those around her, even from her own family.

In Mr. Russell's recently published most entertaining book of Recollections, he tells a good story that bears on the possibility of a report of the Queen's conversation emanating from one of her *entourage*. A man observed to a young Maid of Honour that no doubt she kept a very interesting diary during her waits. The young lady replied that that was impossible, as the Queen required a promise from every Maid that she would not keep a diary. "But if I were in your place I should still keep one, quite privately," said the man. "Then," replied the lady wittily, "I am afraid you could not be called a *Maid of Honour*." The

Queen was, we are informed in the new biography of Henry Reeve, very indignant at the publication of the Greville memoirs: she considered that the position of Mr. Greville, as the Clerk to the Privy Council, should have protected those with whom he was so brought in contact from his revelations. She sent a stern message to Reeve, who had edited and published Greville's memoirs, that she objected to the publication, as it held her family up to ridicule, lowered royalty, and was a breach of trust. Reeve, merrily, and truly enough, replied that her Majesty herself had redeemed the royalty that her predecessors had lowered in the public mind, as Greville recorded; but his biographer thinks that it was solely due to the Queen's indignation at this publication that Reeve never got beyond his "C.B." Probably it was after she read the Greville memoirs that the rule against diaries, of which Mr. Russell tells, was instituted.

Some charming recollections of the Queen's early days—long prior to the issue of the Greville memoirs—have,

indeed, already been given to the world from a diary kept by one of her Maids of Honour, afterwards Georgiana Lady Bloomfield. There is no word there to take exception to. There is the really fine story of how the Queen went out driving one day without her Maid of Honour, to the latter's surprise and even indignation, till the Queen explained on her return that this had happened because she had had reason to believe that she would be shot at during that drive, she herself having seen a miscreant present a pistol at her the day before that did not go off, thus giving reason to fear that he would repeat the attempt—as, in fact, he had done. In anticipation of being shot at, the brave young Queen had gone out without another lady, exposing herself alone to the peril, and obviously increasing it immensely by being in her carriage unaccompanied by another woman. There is much, too, in Lady Bloomfield's book about the strict hand that the Queen kept over the girls trusted to her by their mothers, not allowing them to receive a visit alone from a man, or to go out after dark, and so on—and yet how gracious the Queen was, calling her Maid "Georgie dear," remembering and asking after all her family, saying she wished the Maid to come down to play her accompaniments "if it was convenient when she sent" ("as if," added Lady Bloomfield in her diary at the time, "it could ever be inconvenient to me to go to do anything for her!"). All that Lady Bloomfield's diary recorded was of this pleasing sort; but Greville had not a mind of the same order, nor might others have, so diaries have been prohibited and bogus interviews are contradicted.

PILOMENA.



A COSTUME IN DARK AND LIGHT CLOTH.

A TOILETTE IN TWO SHADES OF CLOTH.

pretended report of conversations held by her Majesty with one of her Maids of Honour. It assuredly beseeched the editor of the magazine which published this article to be quite certain of the bona fides and accuracy of his informant before publication. The words put into the Queen's mouth, indeed, were essentially unlikely to have been uttered by her, they are such nonsense—such as, "William I, set a hammer going that in the end turned a nation of iron into a nation of steel"; "I would have all ships when they met in a port say, 'Friends, the watchword is peace"'; "I cannot hope to leave such an influence as Elizabeth," and so on—that one can, so to speak, decidedly hear Queen Victoria not saying, if one is familiar with her statesmanlike, her marked, and yet her unaffected style of diction and reflection—as we all may be from her many letters and extracts from her diary in the "Life of the Prince Consort" and other documents. No wonder such an outrage broke down for once the rule that the Queen had set for herself, not to contradict any absurdity, because in that case anything that she did not trouble to contradict would be taken to have received her tacit acknowledgment.

The follies that are printed about her must often be exasperating to the Queen, unless the people who daily read and mark the newspapers for her notice succeed in keeping it all from her. A widely circulated paper the other day printed a preposterous tale to this effect: The royal grandchildren were never allowed both jam and butter on their bread; but one birthday they begged for both as a treat, whereupon the Queen asked John Brown's

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An Ideal Pipe Tobacco,
Mild without being insipid;
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CLARKE'S "CARLTON" TOBACCO is obtainable at all Tobacconists, Stores, &c., in 1-oz. foil packets, and in 2-oz., 4-oz., and 8-oz. Tins.
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 22, 1886), with two codicils (dated March 1, 1892, and Jan. 14, 1895), of Mr. Samuel Burkitt, J.P., of Stubbing Court, near Chesterfield, Derby, corn factor and maltster who died on June 13, was proved on Dec. 31 by William Burkitt, the son, William Brining, and John Naylor, the executors, the value of the estate being £129,446. The testator gives £100, furniture to the value of £400, and an annuity during widowhood of £600, or, in the event of her remarriage, £200 per annum, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Alice Burkitt; £50,000, upon trust, for his son William, and an annuity of £26 to his cook, Blythe Ripley. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son William and all his other children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 23, 1874), with codicils (dated Oct. 3, 1884, March 3, 1892, Sept. 20, 1894, and March 8, 1898), of Mr. Frederick Hindley, of Lightcliffe, Shepherd's Hill, Highgate, and formerly of Oxford Street, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Dec. 29 by Mrs. Rhoda Ann Hindley, the widow, Frederic William Hindley, the son, and Edgar Charles Straker, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £102,528. The testator gives £20,500, his furniture and domestic effects, carriages and horses, the two houses, Lightcliffe and Springfield, at Highgate, and his freehold land in Deaf Smith Country, Texas, to his wife, and the sum of £20,000 is to be held, upon trust, for her, for life, and then as to £10,000 part thereof as she shall appoint, and the other £10,000 to his children; £500 each to his daughters, Rhoda Cooke and Elsie Ruth; £25,000, upon certain trusts, for all his children; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children. It would appear that the late Mr. Hindley had given large sums to his sons during his lifetime.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1898) of Mr. Christopher Sykes, of 2, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, and Buntingham Park, near Brough, Yorkshire, M.P. for Beverley 1865-68, for the East Riding of Yorkshire 1868-85, and for the Buckrose Division 1885-92, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Dec. 30 by Commander William Christopher Pakenham, of H.M.S. *Venus*, the nephew and surviving executor, the value of the whole of the estate, as far as can at present be ascertained, being £53,125, and the net personality nil. The testator bequeaths £100 to his butler, Perryman, and leaves the residue of his property to his said nephew, with the expression of his wish that his nephew will give the gold racing cup won by his, the testator's, father at Lincoln to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and will make some arrangement to allow his housemaid, Sarah, £50 a year, for life.

The will (dated April 19, 1883), with a codicil (dated June 28, 1894), of the Right Honourable Sir Arthur Forwood, Baronet, P.C., M.P. for the Ormskirk Division of Lancashire, of The Priory, Gateacre, near Liverpool, formerly of Cadogan Square, London, has just been proved in the District Registry at Liverpool by Lady Forwood, the widow, and Sir Dudley Baines Forwood, Bart., the son, the

executors. The gross value of the real and personal estate in the United Kingdom is sworn at £87,321 19s. 7d., the net amount being £82,132 13s. 4d. The testator confirms his marriage settlement (dated Aug. 31, 1874) made on his marriage, and declares that the provisions of his will for the benefit of his wife and children shall be in addition to, and not in substitution for or satisfaction of, those in the settlement. He bequeaths to his wife absolutely all his jewellery and personal articles and also all his furniture, plate, pictures, prints, books, etc., horses, carriages, and live and dead stock, together with an immediate legacy of £1000. All the rest of the testator's property is left in trust for his wife and children. The will provides full power for the carrying on by the executors, for the benefit of the estate, of all or any of the businesses in which the deceased might be engaged or interested at the time of his death.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1893), with three codicils (dated Dec. 6, 1893, Dec. 3, 1895, and Jan. 17, 1898), of Colonel George MacCall, of 4, Whitehall Court, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Dec. 28 by Colonel George MacCall and Colonel Henry Blackwood MacCall, C.B., the sons, and Harry Hankey Dobree, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £52,381. Having already appointed part of the funds of his marriage settlement to his children, he now appoints the remainder thereof to his daughter Mrs. Mary Dobree Atlee; but should such residue not amount to £1500, then it is to be made up to that amount out of his property. He gives £100 each to his children; £50 each to his executors; £2500, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Atlee; £1000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Olivia Louisa Ward; £7000, upon trust, for his son Archibald Noel MacCall, for life; and then for his (testator's) sons Colonel George and Colonel Henry Blackwood MacCall; £6000, upon trust, for his daughter Caroline Amelia MacCall, for life, and then as she shall appoint to her brothers and sisters, and their issue; £1000 to his eldest grandson, the child of his son George; £2000 to his son George; and his furniture, plate, and pictures to his son Henry. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons George and Henry.

The will (dated March 14, 1898) of Mr. Arthur Mills, J.P., of Efford Down, Bude Haven, Cornwall, M.P. for Taunton 1857-65, and Exeter 1874-80, and a director of the London and South-Western Railway Company, who died on Oct. 12, was proved in London on Jan. 3 by the Rev. Burton Reginald Vaughan Mills and Dudley Acland Mills, the sons, and Reginald Brodie Dyke Acland and Theodore Dyke Acland, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate being £41,618. Having in his lifetime settled £35,000 upon his son Barton, he bequeaths £35,000 to his son Dudley; his portrait, painted by George Richmond and presented to him by the citizens of Exeter, to his son Barton; the picture of his wife, by Clifford, to his son Dudley; £300 to his nephew Francis Mills; £200 to his niece Fanny Mills; £100 each to his nephews Reginald Brodie Dyke Acland and Theodore Dyke Acland; £100 each to his servants Frederic Pratt and Ann Brown;

annuities of £20 each to Harriet Hatch and Jane Bailey, an annuity of £15 to Jane Perkins; and annuities of £25 each to Thomas Pidgeon during his life and that of his wife, and to Ann Forsyth. All his real and personal estate at Bude Haven and Pinghill he leaves, upon trust, for his son Barton, during such time as he shall reside there, and if he shall continue there until his decease, then for his grandson Arthur absolutely, but should his son Barton cease to reside there, then upon further trusts for his son Dudley. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons Barton and Dudley.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1898) of Mrs. Letitia Goldthorpe, of Howard House, 28, Anerley Road, Upper Norwood, widow, who died on Oct. 8, was proved on Dec. 17 by the Right Hon. William Lawies Jackson, M.P. for Leeds, and George Thatcher, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £22,974. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to Dr. Arthur Beddard and George Thatcher; £10 each to her friends, Mrs. Burrow, Arthur Burrow, and Miss Dingley; £500 each to her nephews, George and William Browne, and £1000 to her grandnephew, Spicer Monkhouse Crundwell, on his attaining twenty-one and assuming the surname of Browne. She also bequeaths £100 to the Vicar of the Parish Church of Leeds for charitable purposes; £100 to Guy's Hospital, and £10 to the South Lambeth Dispensary. The residue of her property she leaves to her friend, the Right Hon. William Lawies Jackson.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1897), with a codicil (dated Sept. 9, 1898), of Captain Philip Montagu, of 59, Ashley Gardens, Westminster, late of the 12th Lancers, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on Dec. 23 by Mrs. Evelyn Maud Montagu, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £10,886. Subject to the gift of his plate to his two daughters, May Catherine Jean Montagu and Vera Evelyn Mary Montagu, he leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated March 21, 1898) of General the Right Hon. Sir Edward Lugard, G.C.B., of 19, Marloes Road, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 31, was proved on Jan. 3 by Dame Martha Lugard, the widow, Brigade-Surgeon Charles Edward Harrison and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Travers Lugard, R.A., the nephews, the Rev. Walron Whitter Clarke and Harry Smith Stylian, the executors, the value of the estate being £9046. The testator bequeaths £100 and his household furniture and effects to his wife; £50 each to his executors, except his wife, and £5 each to his servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint.

The will of Mr. William Cutlack Little, J.P., of Stags-holt, Elm, Cambridge, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Dec. 15 by Mrs. Mary Jane Little, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £5977.

The will of the Rev. Charles John Robinson, M.A., of South Hall, Guildford, Principal of Queen's College, Harley Street, who died on Nov. 2 at St. Leonards, was proved on Dec. 19 by Mrs. Emma Agnes Harriet Robinson,

'No Voice however feeble lifted up for Truth Ever Dies.'—Whittier.

HUMAN NOBILITY!

'Every Noble Crown is, and on earth will for ever be, A CROWN OF THORNS.'—T. Carlyle.



PLATO meditating on Immortality before Socrates, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY
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WAR!

'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to Our Cost that he never overlooks a mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—Huxley.

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THE COST OF WAR.—'GIVE ME THE MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR and I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT of LAND upon the Globe; I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in an attire of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud; I WILL BUILD a SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-SIDE and in every valley over the whole earth; I WILL BUILD an ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN, and endow it, a college in every state, and will fit it with able professors; I WILL CROWN every hill with PLACE OF WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL OF PEACE; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the VOICE of PRAYER and the SONG OF PRAISE should ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to HEAVEN.'—Richard.

Why All this Toil and Strife? There is Room enough for All.

WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR WAR?

'I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR.—**OUTRAGED NATURE!!!** SHE KILLS and KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEDIENCE HER. . . . Man has his is offended, as she is bounteous, and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She spares neither woman nor child. She strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with

the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year.'—Kingsley.

CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

'HEALTH is the GREATEST of all POSSESSIONS; and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.'—Bickerstaff.

For Health and Longevity, USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

'THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF THIS LIFE'—GOOD FOOD. How to assimilate or enjoy good food, that would otherwise cause BILIOUS HEADACHE, DISORDERED STOMACH, &c., &c., use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Being a genuine product of nature, it is a true or natural way of preserving and restoring health. It removes effete matter or poison from the blood by NATURAL MEANS, thus preventing and throwing off fevers, boils, and other morbid conditions of the blood. On that account YOU CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in KEEPING the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY of LIFE is IMMENSELY INCREASED.

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CAUTION. Ensure each bottle and see the capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

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DON'T COUGH**KEATING'S LOZENGES.**

"94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12, 1869.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using "Keating's Lozenges" is understated. Since the operation, a specially severe one, performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Sept. 8, 1891, Mr. Hill writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your Lozenges—they are worth their weight in gold. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are."

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MONKEY BRAND**SOAP**FOR KITCHEN TABLES AND FLOORS,
LINOLEUM AND OILCLOTHS.For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery,
Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS,
FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

the widow, and Montague Haslam Stow, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £8779.

The will of Mr. William Henry Rogers, J.P., of Red Lodge, Bassett, Southampton, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Dec. 21 by Mrs. Mary Matilda Rogers, the widow, and Alfred Cambridge Rogers, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £8949.

The will of Mrs. Mary Hamilton Kingscote, of 5, Bryanston Street, wife of Mr. Henry Bloomfield Kingscote, who died on Oct. 10, was proved on Dec. 24 by Major-General Sir John Charles Audagh, C.B., K.C.I.E., the sole executor, the value of the estate being £6623.

At Northwich, in Mid-Cheshire, on Jan. 4, Sir Joseph Verdin opened the first County Exhibition of Arts and Industries at the Technical Schools, magnificently erected and endowed by him. Sir J. T. Brunner, M.P., and Dr. Hewitt, Chairman of the County Council, were present.

A very tempting outline of a pleasure cruise in the Orient Company's steamer *Orient* has just been issued by the firm. The book, which is prettily turned out and well illustrated, is intended as a handy guide-book for use on a forthcoming trip to Lisbon, Palma, Villefranche, Corsica, Sicily, Santorini, Cyprus, the Holy Land, Egypt, Naples, Algiers, and Gibraltar, during the months of February, March, and April in the present year. The *Orient* will leave Tilbury on Wednesday, Feb. 15, at two p.m., en route for Lisbon. The mere perusal of the book makes one envy those lucky people who will realitly it all.

THE BURLINGTON HOUSE AND NEW GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

I wonder if Londoners are alive to the fact that at this moment two of the most significant exhibitions of great art ever held are now open to them. At Burlington House are to be seen a hundred authentic pictures and over five-score drawings by Rembrandt; at the New Gallery is an all but completely representative collection of the lifelong achievement of one of the greatest of modern dreamers.

It goes without argument that Rembrandt and Burne-Jones should be severally appreciated. It is not only that the art itself, in the technical sense, is so distinct in kind: the vision is distinct, the approach is distinct; and no artist can be understood aright except by the approach and through the vision that are distinctively his own.

But here, where I do no more than draw attention to these two memorable shows, it is permissible to speak of both in the same article, even to contrast the art, the method, the ultimate expression. For both were great men, great artists, though one only was a great painter in the strict sense of the word; and there is infinite suggestion in the consideration of the achievement of each.

Let me begin by warning the unwary against the conventional routine. "Burlington House" is the fashionable winter show, as the "Royal Academy" is the fashionable summer show; but those who go to this or that exhibition for other reasons than merely to be able to record the fact, should certainly, in this instance, visit the New Gallery first. For Rembrandt is so great a master in painting *per se*, perhaps the supreme master in strength, as Velasquez is supreme in distinction, that there is not one contemporary, of our own or any country, who would not suffer, and to

some extent unduly, by the crude test of contrast. To pass from Burlington House to the New Gallery would be as though one were to turn abruptly from Michelangelo to the dreams of Bellini or Leonardo, from the austere strength of Dante to the exquisite art of Tennyson, from the massive genius of Beethoven to some such dreamer-in-music as Chopin.

Massive—that is the word for Rembrandt's strength. Above all else, before all else, he was a painter. It was his one language: he had no choice. But Burne-Jones is of those who, born with the expressional instinct and the creative power, choose a particular method as the most apt and the most congenial. In the one case, the unique method of expression is inevitable; in the other, the method is fit, chosen, made subject. It is inconceivable that Titian, Giorgione, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Turner, could have been other than painters: it is conceivable that Leonardo, Dürer, Burne-Jones, might have "dreamed their dreams" otherwise, through other methods of creative genius.

With the Burne-Jones pictures we are among the mirrored dreams of a poetic and beautiful nature. With the Rembrandts we are among the actualities of life as the great Hollander himself saw them. While there is a reality of the imagination that is as convincing as that of actuality, the latter has obviously both the most immediate and the widest appeal. Here, to begin with, is one reason of the ceaseless charm of Rembrandt, through many generations, through all vogues and "isms," and not to one race only, or to northern races, but to all civilised peoples.

It is impossible to pass from room to room at Burlington-House and not to be profoundly affected by the genius of this man, by his personality, indeed—for in these

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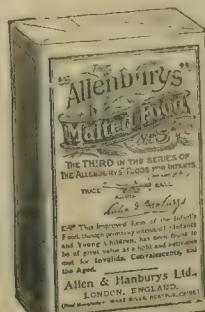
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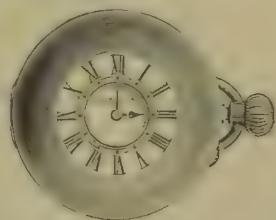
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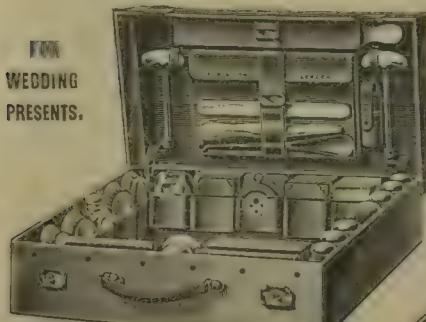
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£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine Enameled English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air-damp, and dust-tight. GOLD CHAINS AND JEWELLERY.

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Facing the Mansion House.
MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD

numerous portraits of himself, sometimes thinly disguised, the man stands revealed. Notwithstanding absent masterpieces, the collection in some respects is as fine as that which attracted so much attention in Amsterdam last autumn; but it must be admitted that, to speak generally, the Rembrandts showed to most advantage in their own land. It accords with what many lovers of art have noticed: that Dutch art is nowhere so convincing as in Holland, as Velasquez is nowhere so convincing as in Madrid, or Titian as in Venice, or, say, Fragonard as in Paris. Some of the great pictures which were in Amsterdam are now at Burlington House; but, of course, not the so-called "Night Watch," nor the superb "Cloth Syndics." Instead, however, we have two of the greatest pictures that even Rembrandt ever painted, one a portrait, the other a landscape. Of "The Mill," of the self-portrait of the artist at the time of his bankruptcy and accumulated sorrows (the masterpieces loaned by Lord Ilchester), this only need be said, that they are among the supreme masterpieces of art. The landscape looks as though it were a noble prelude to modern romantic landscape art. The portrait is a marvellous revelation of genius, even among Rembrandt's marvellous self-portraits. (Almost needless to say, No. 68, though it claims to be, is by no possibility a portrait of Rembrandt, by himself or any other. Again, there can surely be little doubt that the Duke of Newcastle's "Orator," No. 22, is not an authentic Rembrandt. It is not unlike some of the work of Bol, but in any case it is unlikely in the last degree that Rembrandt ever even touched this canvas with his brush.)

The other day I overheard a remark at the New Gallery to the effect that Burne-Jones could not have painted one

of Rembrandt's portraits of men or women, if he had spent all his years in the effort. Possibly. But could Rembrandt, a Victorian, have painted "The Mirror of Venus," "The Garden of Pan," or that noble and mysterious dream of Avalon, upon which the painter was at work when death revealed to him the very secret he sought to interpret?

Assuredly not. But such counterpoint merely serves to misdirect from the true method of approach. It is no reproach to Burne-Jones that he did not paint like Rembrandt: his supreme merit is that he painted like Burne-Jones, and no one else. He has added to the beautiful things of the world, and if the surer and greater way in pictorial art be the way of such a one as Rembrandt, there are many temperaments who will find in the other a sovereign charm and beauty, a more satisfying if a more remote expression of that other world of the imagination which to them is not less real, less actual, than that which Rembrandt painted, or that we can all for ourselves see.

WILLIAM SHARP.

The Evangelicals have decided wisely and frankly to face the question of the teaching of the English Church upon the Lord's Supper at the Islington clerical meeting.

Violent storms of wind, accompanied by snow, on several days last week visited the western coasts of England and Wales and the British Channel. The Dutch steamship *Voorwaarts*, bound from Cardiff to Genoa with coal, was driven on the rocks south-west of Trevose Head, on the Cornish coast; the captain and ten of the crew were drowned: nine were saved by the life-boat.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle are now meeting in the basement hall, which has been got ready for the purpose of public worship, and accommodates about two thousand people. The work of reconstructing the whole building is to proceed, but it must be some considerable time before it is completed, and the congregation are pledged not to enter till the debt has been completely paid. About £16,000 has to be raised. In the late Mr. Spurgeon's time the morning congregation at the Tabernacle was usually about five thousand, and the evening about six thousand. Now the numbers are considerably diminished, the church not being frequented by strangers as it used to be. Nevertheless, the congregation is still a very large one, and the ministry of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is appreciated.

Much interest is taken in the appearance of the Evangelical Free Church Catechism issued under the auspices of the Free Church Council. All the Evangelical denominations were represented on the committee, and they came to a unanimous conclusion. On the whole, the Catechism has been well received. The *Church Times* says: "We freely own that we find much in this Catechism which is excellent, such as its brief exposition of the Decalogue and of the Lord's Prayer. It cannot but do good to any child to be taught them as they are here stated."

A very old topic is being ventilated in one of the northern papers—why men do not kneel in church. One of the answers is that men will not risk the damage to their Sunday hat which kneeling almost always makes necessary. A Church paper says that, ridiculous as it seems

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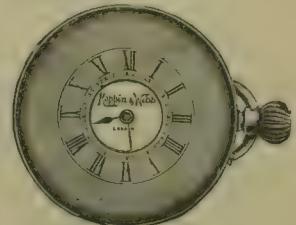
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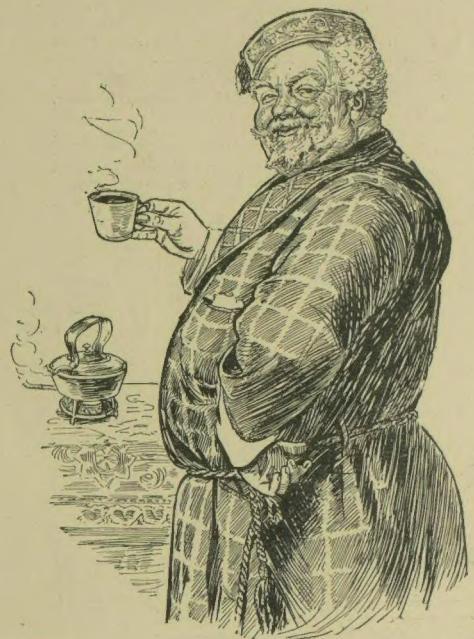
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is preferable to the quickest possible recovery from illness; that is why there is such an universal demand for LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT in winter, when the constant changes of temperature render the preservation of health due more to proper stimulative diet than to the possession of suitable changes of clothing. It keeps the healthy well and strengthens invalids.

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An advertisement for Yorkshire Relish. At the top, the words "YORKSHIRE RELISH" are written in large, bold, serif letters, set against a background of radiating lines. Below this, two bottles of "THE CELEBRATED YORKSHIRE RELISH" by "GOODALL BACKHOUSE LTD., LEEDS" are shown, one on each side. In the center, there is a stylized illustration of a restaurant interior with tables and chairs. A speech bubble from a figure in the restaurant contains the text: "A PICK ME UP as well as A SAUCE." At the bottom, the slogan "THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE IN THE WORLD." is written in a decorative font. The entire advertisement is framed by a decorative border.

for a moment there is at least a modicum of truth in this answer. The Sunday hat is a difficulty. It goes on to say that perhaps when Canon Eyton and Canon Scott Holland have established their parish councils everywhere, a remedy will be found, but at present there seems little choice between a damaged silk hat and no hat at all.

The Rev. Dr. Waller, who recently returned from a voyage to Australia, has felt compelled, for reasons of health, to resign the Principalship of St. John's Hall, Highbury, the well-known Evangelical college. He was with Dr. Boulbee for nineteen out of the twenty years during which the first Principal held office, and has carried on his work with unremitting zeal and great ability. Some six or seven hundred men must have come under his strong influence.

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NOTICE.

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throughout the British Colonies, India, United States of
America, &c., &c.

Dr. Waller is the author of some theological books which have circulated beyond the limits of the Church. They were greatly admired and valued by the late Mr. Spurgeon.

The Rev. G. A. Streetfield, vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, has left town for six months of complete rest. Before going to Hampstead he suffered from influenza, and the strain of parting from an attached congregation and taking up a new work never allowed him fairly to recover.

The Record makes its appearance at threepence, and is now a very handsome and well-edited journal.

The Catholic Directory says that the Roman Catholic population of the United Kingdom is now estimated at about five and a half millions. In 1891 Mr. Vance

Packman, the Romish controversialist, writing to a Birmingham paper, estimated the Roman Catholic loss in England during fifty years at over a million. In 1853 the ratio of Roman Catholic marriages was fifty-one per thousand; in 1895, forty-one.

It is proposed, in a letter written by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, "that the consecration of the Cathedral of Westminster should be the work of the Spanish nation, and that thus that faith and devotion special to Spain to the most Holy Sacraments should be translated to the metropolis of the British Empire to captivate and convert souls not to the dominion of any earthly sovereign, but to the Prince of Peace and the King of Glory."

V.

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D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Ware Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, and that the story of the student Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to—See the "Times," July 12, 1893.

D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Daventry that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of course would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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N.B.—These Lamps can be obtained only at the "CRICKLITE" Lamp Company's Show-Rooms, 75 and 132, REGENT STREET, W., or from the Patentees,

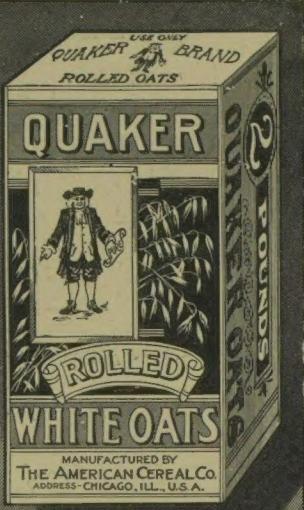
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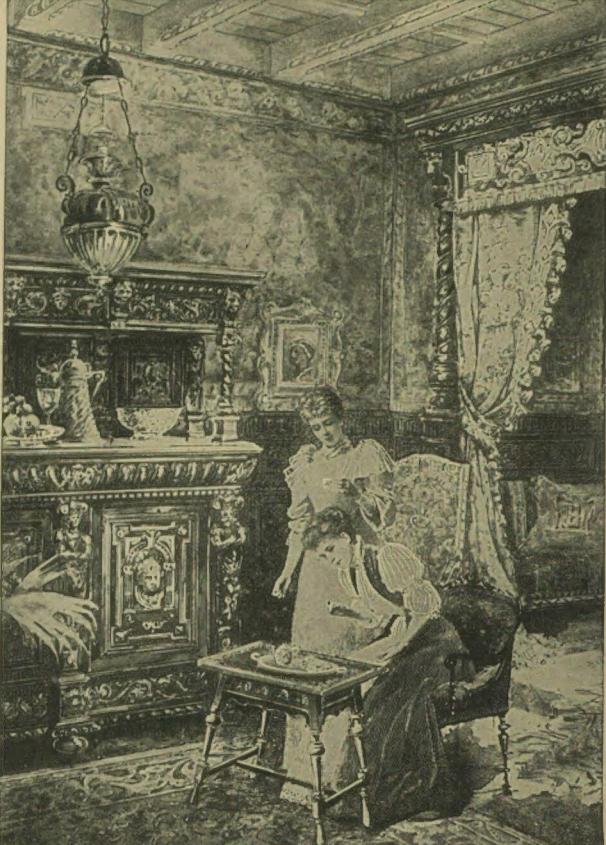
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